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WESTERN AMERICANA

ELDER BANGS LEFT ON THE ICE.

[*The Californian Crusoe*, p. 41.]

THE

Californian Crusoe;

OR,

THE LOST TREASURE FOUND.

A Tale of Mormonism.

Richards (R)

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CHAPTER I.

My birth and education.—My marriage and secession from the Church of England.—Mr. Bangs is introduced.—Elder Smart appears.—The congregation at the Meeting-House embrace Mormonism.—The Rector of Pillington vainly attempts to reclaim me.—Letter to Queen Victoria.—I embark with my family for America.

In a delightful valley in the eastern part of Lancashire I first beheld the light of day. My father, George Richards, was a small but respectable landed proprietor in the parish of Pillington. From his little estate he derived a sufficiency of the comforts of life, together with the means of bringing up his family in a plain but reputable manner. Even now, at the distance of nearly half the globe, and after the lapse of long years of trial and misfortune, my paternal home is distinctly impressed upon the tablet of my memory. I seem to contemplate the windows, half hidden by jessamine and honeysuckles, the thatched roof overshadowed by lofty elms, and the little garden which occupied a large share of my father's attention during the decline of his quiet and contented life. Not far from our dwelling arose the ancient tower of the parish church, amidst masses of heavy foliage, and the roof of the adjoining rectory might be seen in close proximity to the house of God. Far away in the distance, and often partially obscured by mists and passing showers, were the blue summits of Waddington Fell and other Yorkshire hills, which terminated our valley towards the east. To the westward, at the distance of about ten miles, might be seen the tall chimneys of a manufacturing town, together with the clouds of smoke which in that direction somewhat darkened the otherwise agreeable prospect. A small river flowed through the valley, passing the church and rectory of Pillington, then flowing in the rear of a meadow behind my father's house, and gliding onwards through a succession of rich pastures towards the Irish Sea.

I have little recollection of my mother, who died before I had completed my fourth year. A brother and a sister, both younger than myself, partook with me of the affectionate care of our surviving parent, and in due time we were sent to a parochial school, in which we acquired the rudiments of a useful education. On Sundays we regularly attended divine service in the venerable parish church, in which our forefathers had worshipped during many generations. Upon three or four old tombstones, half sunk in the earth and overgrown with moss, might still be deciphered the name of Richards.

Time passed quickly away; my brother found employment in the neighbouring manufacturing town, and my sister married and settled in a distant part of the county. I also was united to a comely young woman in my own station of life; and, as the future possessor of the freehold, was established under the same roof with my aged father. I was soon surrounded by a little family of my own, and as I was sober and industrious, and my wife healthy and managing, I looked upon our position as thoroughly comfortable, and did not envy the wealthiest squire or the proudest cotton-lord in the neighbourhood.

My wife's parents, however, unfortunately for my peace, belonged to an enthusiastic sect which had separated from the Wesleyan Methodists; and a new brick meeting-house of this denomination was erected in the village of Pillington, within a few years after my marriage. At the first opening of this establishment, my wife was induced to attend the preachings designed as a sort of dedication, and, as unfortunately I had no adequate idea of the guilt of schism, I consented to accompany her on several successive Sunday evenings. The effect produced on my mind by the ranting discourses and prayers which I heard, now appears to me utterly marvellous. In my simplicity I imagined that those fervent extemporaneous addresses to the Almighty must necessarily come from the heart, at the dictation of the Holy Spirit. I listened with rapt attention to those rambling discourses, in which the strongest assertions and the most tremendous denunciations were vociferated with all the positiveness of conscious infallibility. I thought that surely the preacher must be sent from God, who could talk so fluently and produce so many groans and loud "Amens" in such a congregation as I saw before me. I was also wonderfully moved by the sentiments expressed in the hymns, and by the spirited way in which almost every person united his own voice with the rest. After attending a few of these meetings, I began to lose my reverence for the Church, its ministers, and its services. The established worship now struck me as extremely cold and dull, and the carefully written sermons of our old Rector appeared, by the new light which I thought I had attained, decidedly unprofitable and uninteresting. The truth was, that I was becoming like a man who has taken to the use of ardent spirits, and to whose perverted taste pure water, however fresh and clear, is flat and insipid.

I think it, however, quite possible that a friendly visit from our parish clergyman might at that time have saved me from the delusions which were thickening on every side, and from the miseries which afterwards overtook my innocent family, together with myself. Hitherto I had belonged to the Church of England merely because I had been brought up in it, and had formed a habit of respecting it as the Church of my forefathers and of the nation. I knew nothing of any claims it might possess to an apostolic character; I had most imperfect notions of the Church of Christ as a divinely appointed society, and my ideas of the Sacraments were of an exceedingly shallow description. It might have been a happy thing for me had I been plainly and distinctly told that the Church of England is in deed and in truth the ancient apostolical Church of the kingdom; had I been kindly warned against the sin of separating from it, and faithfully admonished of the danger of trusting to my own imperfect judgment in so serious a matter as religion. But unfortunately the good Rector of Pillington was aged and infirm, and, with a small income and a large family, was wholly unable to meet the spiritual necessities of his extensive parish. He felt obliged to confine his private ministrations to the sick and dying, and, consequently, those who were in bodily health were overlooked, however dangerous might be the condition of their souls. Hence, while busy sectarians were incessantly prejudicing the people against the Church, no counteracting measures were taken either to exhibit the soundness of Church principles, or the errors and absurdities of the sectarian bodies. As for myself, I became gradually less constant in my attendance at the ancient sanctuary of the parish, and finally, having heard a discourse at the new meeting-house which I considered even more spiritual and edifying than usual, I determined to attach myself altogether to the congregation assembled in that place. My wife and I accordingly had ourselves enrolled on the list of members, paid our contributions from time to time, and were regarded as truly converted persons. Our children, though baptized in the Church of England under a solemn promise that they should be brought to the bishop to be confirmed, were no longer taught to repeat the Catechism, but were suffered to grow up without any definite religious instruction whatever. Thus we all became estranged from that Church which I now recognise as the "pillar and ground of the truth," and were consequently exposed to the danger of being carried away captive by new errors, each more pernicious than its predecessor.

My poor old father saw my delusion, and remonstrated with me to the best of his ability. He endeavoured to shew me from his old Bible, now his constant companion, that the fanatical spirit which I had imbibed was not the spirit of Christ; he assured me that, in his old age, the worship, the sacraments, and doctrines of the Church of England, were a source of unspeakable consolation to his inward soul. But all was in vain; his remonstrances were entirely thrown away, and his death, which soon afterwards took place, left me in undisturbed possession of my own opinions, as well as of my paternal inheritance.

In the meantime our new brick meeting-house continued to be a great point of attraction; and our preacher, Mr. Bangs, having gained great celebrity by his loud and sanctimonious tones of voice, and by his slashing mode of attacking the Established Clergy, was immensely popular. Notwithstanding, however, his presumed infallibility, a change in his doctrine was approaching, which few of us anticipated, though it was destined to extend to ourselves as well as to our preacher. This change was brought about in the following manner.

One Sunday morning two strangers entered the meeting-house, and took their seats near the stand which served the purpose of a pulpit. Mr. Bangs conducted the usual "exercises," and delivered a sermon, even more sanctimonious, loud, positive, and denunciatory than usual. After the singing of the final hymn, one of the strangers, a person of a very solemn and reserved aspect, advanced to Mr. Bangs and obtained permission to address a few words to the assembled brethren. He delivered an exhortation decidedly superior in its tone and language to those which we had been accustomed to hear, and in conclusion stated that, if permitted, he would bring some very important matters before our notice on a future occasion. We were all curious to know what these important matters might be, and it was speedily arranged that the stranger, who called himself Elder Smart, should preach to us in the evening at seven o'clock.

The appointed hour arrived and the place was crowded with persons who, like myself, might justly have been classed with those described by the Apostle as having "itching ears." Mr. Bangs gave out a hymn and made the opening prayer, after which Elder Smart read a portion of the 60th chapter of Isaiah and commenced his discourse. He began by declaring that he knew not what to say, and should speak whatever the Lord should put into his mouth. After a short pause he proceeded to state the importance of forming correct notions of the Almighty. Such notions could only be obtained from revelation. "But," said he, "the Bible is in many respects incorrectly translated, and it is also deficient in many important particulars, having been addressed in the first place to certain inhabitants of Asia living in ancient times. The Almighty has in these latter days supplied all such deficiencies; He has raised up a prophet in America, one Joseph Smith, and has communicated to him new revelations, written on golden plates, and denominated the Book of Mormon. Be it known unto you, my assembled hearers, that the Book of Mormon is true, and that it has come forth in fulfilment of prophecy. Now therefore, woe, woe, woe unto you, O ye Gentiles of England! except you speedily repent, and obey the message which God has sent for your salvation, in bringing forth the Book of Mormon, and in setting it for a sign to this generation. Hear the word of the Lord by the mouth of Joseph Smith His prophet, given and written on the 23rd day of July, 1837:—'Verily, verily, I say unto you, Darkness covereth the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people, and all flesh has become corrupt before My face. Behold vengeance cometh speedily upon the inhabitants of the earth, a day of wrath, a day of burning, a day of desolation, of weeping, of mourning, and of lamentation; and as a whirlwind it shall come upon all the face of the earth, saith the Lord.' O ye Gentiles of England! hear, and take warning,

—pause, and consider. Cast off your traditions and your superstitions, receive with eagerness the teaching of the prophet Joseph, and preserve your souls unto everlasting life. Join yourselves to us, unite yourselves to the blessed company of the Latter-day Saints. By hundreds and by thousands, in the Old World and the New, mankind are hearing and obeying the glad tidings of salvation. The word hath gone forth, 'Gather My people,' and they *are* gathering; the air already darkens with the happy multitude, who fly as doves to their windows. In the holy city of Nauvoo, far away in Western America, the saints bask in the sunshine of God's benignity. The ocean heaves, bearing on his proud bosom thousands of human beings loosed from tyranny and oppression. The rivers of America groan with the weight of emigrants borne on the face of the waters to the beautiful city of rest. Hear then, O ye people! Give ear, O ye inhabitants of the earth! both high and low, rich and poor, together; for God will gather His people to Zion."

We listened to this novel harangue with mute astonishment and with the most profound interest. As for my wife, she believed every word, for she was convinced, she said, that the preacher could not speak so very positively unless he knew that he spoke the truth. Most of the assembly seemed to incline to the same opinion, and Mr. Bangs in particular openly expressed his wish to hear further upon the same subject. Elder Smart did not neglect to avail himself of the impression which he had created, but, night after night, continued to unfold to our attentive ears the leading peculiarities of Mormonism. I made up my mind that there was a great deal of truth in what he advanced, and though I felt considerably puzzled, on the whole I thought it a fine thing to be a Latter-day Saint. Full of prepossessions in favour of the new doctrine, I loudly prayed to God to give me wisdom to choose the right path. The following night I awoke with a strong impression on my mind that Mormonism was true. I precipitately came to the conviction, deluded creature that I was, that the Lord had answered my prayer, and given me at once the wisdom for which I believed I had honestly prayed. The next day I went to the Elder and declared my conversion, which I described as something almost miraculous. I found that Mr. Bangs had already been converted, together with many of his flock. On the following Sunday the triumph of Mormonism in our village was complete. Mr. Bangs, myself and my wife, and nearly every individual of our congregation, were formally united to the "Church of the Latter-day Saints," being immersed by Elder Smart in the waters of the neighbouring stream. On the following Thursday we celebrated a fast, and Mr. Bangs and two others were ordained elders by a Mormon patriarch who came from Preston to take part in these ceremonies. Those who had been immersed were now confirmed by the laying on of hands, and were taught to expect great signs and wonders, such as the healing of the sick, the gifts of prophecy, and the casting out of devils. Almost every male person was appointed to some ecclesiastical office, so that the increase of Mormonism was the increase of our own individual dignity. A great deal was said to explain the two orders of the priesthood, the "Aaronic" and that of "Melchizedec;" and we were made to believe in a hierarchy, consisting of apostles, "seventies," bishops, high-priests, deacons, elders, and teachers. I had never exerted myself in the least to understand the system of the Church of England, either in regard to its ministry or its doctrines; but now, under the impulse of curiosity and excitement, I soon became well skilled in Mormonism, so far as it was taught in England, and learned, as well as any one, how to twist and distort the texts of Scripture in support of its preposterous claims. A number of copies of the Book of Mormon were obtained from the Latter-day printer in Liverpool, and as we thought we observed a great similarity of style between the old Scriptures and the new "revelations" of Joseph, we imagined we saw a complete confirmation of all that Elder Smart had affirmed. Many of us, and myself among the rest, now prepared to emigrate to the New Jerusalem in America, and, like the others, I sought an early opportunity for disposing of my goods and of the little estate of my forefathers.

The two elders, Smart and Bangs, were one morning in my little parlour, talking over the contemplated journey, in which they proposed to be my companions. I heard the garden gate open, and in a few moments the good old Rector of Pillington entered the apartment. I rose, with some awkwardness of manner, and offered him a chair, while the two elders kept their seats, and looked at the visitor with a scowling expression, which I hardly liked, as I thought it anything but saintly. The Rector, with much agitation of manner, began the conversation by expressing the regard which he had always entertained for my poor old father, and proceeded to express his sorrow on account of my desertion of the parish church, and of the connexion which he understood I had formed with the Latter-day Saints. He had scarcely uttered this word, when Elder Smart abruptly rose from his seat, and putting himself in a dignified attitude before the old gentleman, looked him full in the face, and said in a stern and deep tone of voice,—"The Church of England has transgressed the laws of God, changed the ordinances, corrupted the gospel, and lost the priesthood. Do your doctrines, Mr. Rector, agree with the Scriptures? I answer emphatically—No. Have you the organization and the ordinances? No. Have you the gifts and the prophecies? No. Have you the revelations, and the visions, and the tongues, and the apostles, and the prophets? No. This you cannot deny, Sir. Well then, what is the consequence? Why, Sir, your doctrines, your calling, your teaching, your ordinances, are all incorrect; you are devoid of the blessings, of the powers, of unity, of certainty, and of revelation; you are struggling in all the mazes of confusion, division, strife, uncertainty, and error. In short, Sir, you know not God nor the power of God."

The poor old gentleman was overwhelmed by the volubility of Elder Smart. He was a kind and good man, but had never been used to controversy, much less was he prepared for an engagement with a man like Smart, who, whatever might be the amount of his learning, was evidently a practised and unscrupulous disputant. The Rector, however, stammered out something about the Church of England being able to trace an unbroken chain of succession from the apostles down to the present bishops, the first intimation, by the way, of such a claim which I had ever received from his lips. Elder Smart immediately drew himself up in a contemptuous attitude, and said,—"I suppose, Sir, your succession comes through the Roman Catholic Church." The Rector gasped out something which seemed like an assent, though not intended as such in the sense desired by his adversary. The Elder, with a look of ineffable disdain, instantly replied,—"Well, Sir, if the Church of Rome had power to give authority, she also had power to take it away; if she had power to 'bind on earth and to bind in heaven,' she also had power to 'loose on earth and to loose in heaven;' and you know, Sir, that she cut off and excommunicated the Church of England and all the Protestant reformers. Thus, by your own shewing, you are placed in a pretty considerably curious situation."

The Rector, I have no doubt, might easily have confuted all this, had he possessed the requisite presence of mind; but his breath appeared to be taken away, and, after muttering a few words about the Mormon sect being only ten years old, he took his leave of me with a downcast countenance, and, I think, with tears in his eyes. I saw no more of him, but the sorrowful aspect of the worthy old man remains indelibly impressed upon my mind to the present moment.

The little piece of controversy just mentioned, contributed, if possible, to convince me of the truth of the system which I had embraced. Elder Smart felt that he had triumphed gloriously, and received with a somewhat complacent air the congratulations of Elder Bangs. "Well, brother Smart," said the latter, "you did indeed pitch into him in first-rate style. The Lord confound the dumb dogs of the Church of England, I say; the Lord make the whole lot of them like the house of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, till neither root nor branch is left, and till the memory of them is clean blotted out from the face of the earth for evermore." I thought Mr. Bangs spoke rather too severely, and turned the conversation to another subject.

In the course of a few weeks I had disposed of my property, although I was forced to submit to a very considerable sacrifice. A change had lately come over our neighbourhood, the factories had generally ceased to work, and the black cloud no longer hovered above the tall chimneys of the neighbouring town. Vast numbers of men, women, and children had been reduced by want of employment to the deepest distress. Improvident as most of them had been in prosperity, little remained to them in the hour of calamity. Hundreds of people might be seen lounging in the streets, with pallid, hungry and sullen countenances, apparently ready for any act of insubordination and violence. Placards were posted in conspicuous places, expressing revolutionary sentiments, and containing notices of meetings at which Chartist demagogues were to harangue the poverty-stricken populace. The Latter-day Saints also advertised their assemblies as conspicuously as possible, and since most of their leading preachers were Americans, like Elder Smart, they obtained a ready hearing among these poor sheep, who wandered, as it were, without a shepherd. The prospect of an abundance of the good things of this life, in a land of free and equal democracy, proved no less attractive than the doctrine of the gathering of the saints to the Zion of the West. The candidates for immersion and emigration increased from day to day, and our apostles and elders in Liverpool were put to their wits' end in providing ships to accommodate the enthusiastic converts.

A considerable time elapsed before the requisite arrangements could be made, and in the meanwhile we were engaged in what we called "rolling forward the stone of the Lord," that is, in spreading abroad Joseph Smith's newly discovered gospel. One of our leading ecclesiastics residing in Manchester put forth, with the help of Elder Smart, a letter to the Queen of England, "touching the signs of the times, and the political destiny of the world." In the opening of this extraordinary document the following passage occurred:—

"To her Gracious Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA, Sovereign of Britain.

"It has fallen to the lot of your Majesty, not only to live in a most eventful period of the world, but to occupy a station the most conspicuous of any individual of the present age. It has pleased the Almighty Disposer of events, who governs and rules among the kingdoms of the earth, to raise your Majesty, while in the morning of life, to a throne of power at the head of an empire which, in many respects, stands foremost among the nations and kingdoms of the world. It is with feelings of that profound respect which is justly due to so high an office, that I offer this address. The importance of the subject, and the obligation which I am under to the God whom I serve and the people of the age in which I live, are the only apologies which I offer for thus intruding upon the attention of your Majesty."

The writer went on to say that a tremendous revolution was at hand, in which would be fulfilled the prophecy of Daniel respecting the destruction of the kingdoms of the world. He proceeded as follows:—

"I now beg leave to call the attention of your Majesty to an important discovery which has poured a flood of light upon the subject, and which has actually revealed and demonstrated that the present age is the time of their fulfilment. I allude to the discovery of an ancient record among the antiquities of America, a copy of the translation of which was lately presented to your Majesty, and another to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, by Mr. Brigham Young. . . . From this record we learn the astonishing fact, that the gospel was revealed among the ancient inhabitants of America, and that the *risen* Jesus ministered in *person* to them, setting in order all the offices and ordinances of His kingdom, and opening all the great outlines of His doctrine, together with a knowledge of the future, down to the times of restoration.

"This ancient record was discovered in 1827, in Western New York, in the bowels of the earth, where it had been concealed 1400 years. It was there deposited by a holy prophet, whose name was Moroni, in order to preserve it, at a time when a great nation was overthrown. It was translated and published in English in 1830. Since that time it has been a principal means, in the hands of God, of working a greater revolution among men than was ever known in so short a time. It has given rise to the Church of Latter-day Saints, who were first organised with six members on the 6th of April, 1830, but who now number many thousands both in America and Europe. . . .

"I must close this letter by forewarning the sovereign and people of England, in the most affectionate manner, to repent and turn to the Lord... If the rulers, clergy, and people of England hearken to this message, they shall have part in this glorious kingdom, so clearly set forth in this letter; but if they will not hearken to the words of the apostles and prophets, they will be overthrown with the wicked and perish."

Many of us were simple enough to imagine that the Queen and Prince Albert would really be converted by this epistle, and would humbly seek admission to the fraternity of Latter-day Saints. Whether the letter ever met the eye of her Majesty I should think doubtful, though it answered the end for which it was designed, that is, it assisted in keeping up the spirit and energy of the English Mormons. Thousands of copies of it were circulated throughout the kingdom, and we admired the boldness and intrepidity with which our Manchester apostle proclaimed the true faith, as we thought, even before princes. We forgot to notice, however, that, for prudential reasons, the names of Joseph Smith and of the ancient prophet Mormon were not suffered to appear in the document, and that no allusion was made to the peculiar mode by which the translation was said to have been effected.

And now, throughout England in general, and Lancashire in particular, our preachers were astonished, as well they might be, at the success which attended their measures. In fact, the labouring classes, generally speaking, could not conceive that so many clever and fluent men could preach such strange doctrines in so authoritative and dictatorial a manner, if truth were not the foundation of their assertions. An opponent of Mormonism has truly remarked, that they seldom thought of asking for proof, which was a process of which few of them had the slightest idea. They were put in possession of no well-authenticated fact; they were the eye-witnesses of no miracle; and yet multitudes of them believed with the most child-like simplicity. The preachers, most of whom, in the first instance, were Americans, lived on the industry of their dupes, by whom they were supplied with food, clothing, lodging, and money, as they required. The converts themselves were generally forbidden to enter into argument with "Gentiles," or to listen to any statements against the Mormon faith. Their minds were purposely excited by marvellous tales of dreams, of prophecies, and of wonderful appearances in the heavens. They were solemnly told that nothing could be more awful than the condition of an apostate Mormon, and that it would have been better for him never to have been born, than that he should deny the truth, slight the visions, and reject the testimony.

The most important operations were transacted at night in our "Church-meetings," which were of course attended by none but the initiated. The business consisted of exhortations to perseverance, narratives of visions and revelations, and explanations of difficulties. Pecuniary gifts were also collected for the hierarchy, confessions were received, delinquents were reprimanded, apostates were excommunicated, and the triumphs of Mormonism were described. Enquiries were made respecting the people living in the neighbourhood, the places of worship which they attended, the bent of their characters, the amount of their knowledge, and their disposition, respectively, towards Mormonism. The necessary advice was then given by the elders to their converts, in order that they might prevail on their neighbours; and suggestions were thrown out as to the best method of proceeding in each individual case. Thus we compassed heaven and earth to make proselytes, and, before I left England, we had gathered, as we thought, a new argument for our creed, in the triumphant success which attended its propagation.

At length, after a long and expensive delay, early in December, 1841, I accompanied my wife and children on board a vessel of 1,000 tons, chartered by our Mormon authorities in Liverpool. Nearly two hundred "saints" were already in the ship, among whom we soon distinguished Elders Smart and Bangs, a patriarch, and other dignitaries. The arrangements made for our comfort, I must say, were as good as the circumstances could admit. An express stipulation had been made with the owners, that no "Gentiles," besides the officers and crew, should be admitted. Before the vessel sailed we held a meeting of the passengers, in which we appointed a "president of the company," and six "committee-men." The president was to exercise a complete superintendence over every thing connected with the passengers; to allot the berths, settle disputes, and attend to all wants, complaints, and inquiries. The committee-men were to assist in getting the luggage on board, and to make a proper disposal of it in the ship. They were likewise to stand alternately as sentinels at the hatchway, day and night, while the ship remained in dock, in order to prevent the intrusion of strangers. Excellent provision was also made for health and cleanliness in the forward cabins and sleeping-places, which, in the generality of ships, are pre-eminently uncomfortable and filthy. Each berth had a little curtain before it, and in allotting these berths the members of each family were placed next to each other,—the Scotch with the Scotch, the English with the English, and the Welch with the Welch. It was understood that after the vessel had sailed, the president should superintend the conduct of the passengers, and the delivery of sufficient water and provisions. The committee were to act as a police, and to see that every person was in bed by eight o'clock in the evening, and in the morning that every passenger was up, the beds made, and the rubbish swept together and thrown overboard before seven.

The emigrants were principally farmers and mechanics, and I have reason to believe that, although a few rogues had joined us for their own bad and selfish ends, the greater part of my companions were honest dupes like myself, who imagined themselves to be serving God and saving their own souls, besides perhaps advancing their prospects in life, by undertaking this formidable expedition. There were day-labourers, weavers, carpenters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, masons, shipwrights, sawyers, gun-makers, basket-makers, and, in short, precisely the class of people who are requisite to the rapid advancement of a new settlement. Many of them were accompanied by their wives and families, and nearly every person was provided with the implements necessary to his occupation. The passage-money for the entire party was paid in one sum to the owners of the ship, by our Mormon agent in Liverpool, who charged himself with the collection of the small amounts paid by the passengers individually, for their conveyance across the Atlantic. The same agent supplied us, at a moderate charge, with our provisions, all of which were of the best description, and far more abundant than absolute necessity required. Taking all things together, we thought we had a prospect of a pleasant voyage to the land of our adoption. For my own part, I felt that with so godly a company of elders and saints, in so fine a ship, with such excellent arrangements for cleanliness and comfort, I should think little of the perils of the deep. My wife appeared somewhat nervous and apprehensive, and I judged from her wistful look and tearful eyes, that she was indulging herself in fond regrets with regard to her dear Pillington, and the pleasant home from which she had parted for ever. I strongly urged her to remember the sad fate of Lot's wife, and not to suffer her affections to turn towards the land which the Lord had destined to utter destruction. I bade her to recollect that we were bound to Nauvoo, that true Zoar, appointed for a refuge to the people of God, in which we should find prophets, revelations, and spiritual gifts, just like those which formerly abounded in Jerusalem.

Our children enjoyed the novelty and excitement of the scene exceedingly. The eldest of them, Sarah, was now fifteen years of age, and as bright and happy a girl as could anywhere be found. The two little boys, John and Francis, aged seven and five, soon made friends among the good-natured passengers, and endeavoured to lend a helping hand whenever assistance was wanted. My luggage and other property were put away in the hold in large boxes, conspicuously marked with my name and destination,—"Robert Richards, Nauvoo." The saints were now all on board, the great gates of the dock were opened, and the ship slowly proceeded into the river. Her top-sails were then expanded to a favourable breeze, and, as she gathered way, the passengers with one accord struck up the well-known Mormon hymn:—

Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connexions, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in distant lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heave, my heart, with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell!
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

CHAPTER II.

First Acquaintance with the Sea.—Crawford, the Mate, warns me against Joseph Smith and Elders Smart and Bangs.—Dancing and Praying on Deck.—A Voice from above.—Dreadful Storm.—Disastrous Shipwreck.—Elder Bangs exposed on the Ice.—Sufferings in an Open Boat.—Preservation of the Survivors and Termination of the Voyage.

THE vessel in which we were now embarked had taken a load of cotton from New Orleans to Liverpool, and was returning to the former port with a freight of English goods, including a quantity of railroad iron. The steerage and intermediate parts of the vessel were occupied, as I have already remarked, exclusively by Latter-day Saints. The sailors, twenty-three in number, were berthed in the extreme forward portion of the ship, and the captain and his officers had their state-rooms and a cabin to themselves near the stern, where comfortable accommodations were also provided for the Mormon patriarch and the elders. The greater part of our luggage was placed in the hold, but in a place where it was separated from the cargo, and comparatively safe from the danger of injury by damp or vermin. As we sailed down the Mersey, I walked over the ship with my wife and family, and we pleased ourselves in surveying the floating habitation in which we expected to sojourn for the next six weeks. The water being smooth and the sun shining brightly, we considered that going to sea was by no means the formidable thing which ancient traditions had taught us to believe it.

Having gone over the ship, we endeavoured to increase our acquaintance with the passengers. Many of them had been our near neighbours in Lancashire, and we were delighted to shake hands with them again and to congratulate them on our pleasant prospects. The greater part, however, were from a distance, from Wales, Scotland, London, Bedford, and Herefordshire. As our destination was the same, and our faith identical, there was a general disposition to be sociable and friendly, and to assist in bearing one another's burdens. Many of the females, notwithstanding all our efforts to encourage them, sorrowed exceedingly on account of the parents, brothers, and sisters, from whom they had parted. Overcome with their emotions, they were shedding torrents of tears, and casting melancholy and lingering looks upon the receding shore. Some of our young men were pacing the deck, arm in arm, with an air of indifference in a great measure assumed for the occasion. A few elderly persons had lighted their pipes and seated themselves on the hen-coops, where they appeared absorbed in profound meditation. A motley crowd of passengers was lounging over the bows and watching every boat and ship that passed us. The active sailors were lying out upon the yards, busily engaged in spreading the sails; while the man at the helm, with his stout assistant, held the polished wheel with a firm grasp, and turned it to the right or to the left according to the directions of the pilot.

We were soon in the Irish Sea, and, as night approached, the motion of the vessel increased, and became extremely unpleasant. Many of the saints now began to experience the miseries which usually attend upon the first acquaintance with the sea. Elder Bangs hung his head over the bulwarks, and, in the intervals of his terrible sickness, gave utterance to expressions which I might have mistaken for horrid imprecations, but for the saintliness of character which was generally ascribed to him. My poor wife was stowed away in her berth by friendly hands, in a state of extreme wretchedness and utter helplessness. The children were soon rocked to sleep in their appointed places, but I, the father of the family, was unable to compose myself. I remained on deck, and watched for some time the luminous animalculæ which sparkled on the water like glow-worms in the increasing darkness. I tried to lift my mind on high, above the things of this world, but in vain, and a feeling of unspeakable misery came over me, under the influence of which I retired to my berth at the appointed hour of eight. Sleep would not visit me, and as I thought of the long voyage and journey just commenced, mountains of difficulty seemed to rise in the way, and oppressed my reason no less than my imagination. I asked myself why I had ventured upon this undertaking;—I even went further, in my wretchedness, and enquired why I had become a Mormon at all. I thought of my native village, of the parish church, of the paternal home, once my own, of my aged father and his Bible, and of the last visit of the good old Rector. But then I remembered the caution which I myself had given to my partner and companion respecting Lot's wife. I tried to realise the greatness and dignity attached to my position as a Latter-day Saint, and the glory of that wonderful Zion to which I was hastening. But a load was on my spirits, such as I had never before experienced; though, alas! I have been in deeper sorrow since that time. As the night advanced, the waves continued to increase, and my ears were tormented with a variety of inharmonious and sometimes terrifying sounds. Looking-glasses and other articles suspended in the cabins swung and dashed about in concert, doors banged and rattled, and even the timbers of the vessel grated and creaked as if the whole fabric were going to fall in pieces. Groans of despair, mingled with pitiful lamentations, and the shrill cries of children, sounded from behind the curtains of the berths. Over head, the rushing of water upon deck was heard from time to time, and sometimes a wave smote against the side of the ship with such violence, that I thought we had been run down, or had struck upon a rock.

The poultry loudly complained when a cataract of salt water disturbed their slumbers, the cow occasionally bellowed, and the voices of the pigs were sometimes clearly distinguishable. The wind, which had become contrary, sadly whistled through the rigging, and produced a most distressing and melancholy kind of music. The sailors, whenever the vessel altered her tack, scampered backwards and forwards, uttered their strange nautical cries at the utmost pitch of their vocal powers, and occasionally threw down huge coils of cordage with a startling crash, which led me to suppose that all our masts had gone by the board at once.

Morning at length slowly dawned, and, rising from my uneasy couch, I proceeded on deck, and was agreeably surprised to find that the masts were standing in their proper places, and that the sailors looked as if nothing extraordinary had happened. I saw some high hills at the distance of ten or twelve miles, which Mr. Crawford, the second mate, told me belonged to Holyhead; after which, though terribly unwell, I managed to go below again, and to speak a few words of comfort to my wife and children. Some passengers, who had been to sea before, assisted me in getting things into something like order, and, as the water became smooth when we approached the Welch coast, we contrived to swallow some breakfast, by which our spirits were greatly revived. Then the ship stood over towards Ireland, and in the evening we saw hills which, we were told, marked the position of the city of Dublin. The second night was less unpleasant than the first, though we were far from having lost the sense of suffering. From Ireland we came over to Wales, and then again we tacked and sailed over towards Ireland. A third time we came in sight of Wales, and then, turning to the south-west, we steered for the open Atlantic. Many of our Welch Mormons appeared to be sorely grieved, and mourned, and shook their heads, as they watched the last mountain of their native land slowly sinking beneath the horizon.

About a week after leaving Liverpool we passed Cape Clear, the south-western extremity of Ireland, and were fairly on the wide ocean. The wind now blew from the west north-west, and the ship was steered in an almost southerly direction. In the course of another week we were in the neighbourhood of the Azores, where we found the sea comparatively smooth, and the temperature of the air delightful. We had generally recovered our health and energy, our misgivings had ceased, and we looked forward with happiness to the grand object of our voyage. Our elders established regular meetings for prayer and preaching, and the Latter-day solemnities went forward on the Atlantic just as they had done in Lancashire. The officers and crew of the vessel never attended on these occasions, and I found that the captain was in the daily habit of reading prayers in his cabin, with as many of his men as could be spared from duty. On Sundays he went through the Church of England service, with a printed sermon, and his officers and sailors, dressed in their best clothes, made the responses with a zeal which was perhaps heightened by the peculiar feeling which I found they all entertained towards the Mormon passengers. Although they seldom expressed open contempt for our religion, the look of pity with which our commander and his mates sometimes regarded us was really more provoking than open opposition. But we consoled ourselves by reflecting that these men were poor ignorant Gentiles, whose understanding was darkened by superstition and old traditions. Of course we all absented ourselves from their worship as determinedly as they neglected to avail themselves of ours.

The second mate, Mr. Crawford, was considerably advanced in years, and had the character of being a first-rate sailor. Much as he differed from me in religion, we struck up a friendship with each other, on account, possibly, of some similarity of temper and disposition. In consequence of this, he opened his mind to me with greater freedom perhaps than he did to others.

"I tell you what, Mr. Richards," he said one day, "between you and me, I don't believe this here Latter-day religion nohow,—axing your pardon at the same time, and hoping I don't give you offence by speaking a bit of my mind. Many's the time I've been this voyage between Liverpool and Orleans and back again. Many's the time we've taken out in this here ship Latter-day Saints, it may be a hundred of them, or two hundred, or three hundred or so, and all, I may say, have gone out as full of confidence, or faith, or whatever you may call it, as you yourself do at this present time. But I'd have you to know that on the homeward trip to Liverpool we often take back scores of people that once was Latter-day Saints, but has come, by trying of the thing itself, to hate the very name of Latter-day, or of Saint, or of Prophet. I recollect one man who tore his hair, and stamped, and carried on just like a madman, when I merely asked him in a quiet way what he thought of Joe Smith after his visit to Nauvoo,—that place, I mean, which you call the Zion, and the Jerusalem, and so forth.

"'Oh,' says he, 'don't mention the name of that infamous wretch, that scoundrel impostor, that filthy miscreant, that drunken beast, that worse than devil. It was Joe Smith who tempted me, by his lying books and his lying preachers and elders, to part with a good home, and to take my wife and family, and what little money I had, to his infernal Zion. Under one pretence or another he robbed me of my money, and my poor wife and children sickened and died in want and wretchedness. Through the charity of a countryman, not so completely plundered as myself, I am now enabled to go home, with the prospect of ending my days in my native land, a miserable, ruined, and broken-hearted man.'

"This, Mr. Richards, is only a sample of what I've heard, for if I've heard one such story as this, I've heard fifty. And since I've taken on myself to say so much to you, as a friend, and between ourselves, I'll just give you another piece of my mind. Have a care of Elder Smart, for he has been out in this ship before; he's a deep one, and he's up to tricks, if ever man was. And if I a'nt much mistaken, I think it worth your while to keep a sharp look out also after that fellow Bangs, who you see at this moment is doing the polite, on the deck there, to your good lady, Mrs. Richards. I've heard tell of strange things about spiritual wives up there at Nauvoo."

"Mr. Crawford," I replied, "I assure you that you are altogether mistaken in your surmises as to the two Elders, and in the information which you have received respecting that great and wonderful prophet, Joseph Smith. I declare most positively that I have known Mr. Smart and Mr. Bangs for many months, and that they are men of extraordinary zeal and noted sanctity of character. The prophet Joseph, of course, has enemies, simply because he is a prophet, and as such is the rebuker of all manner of error and ungodliness. I am perfectly convinced that the slanders which you have heard respecting him have no foundation in truth, and that he is a person of spotless and unsullied reputation, patient as Job, meek as Moses, devout as David, and wise as Solomon. The story respecting spiritual wives is a base calumny, concocted by a set of wretches whom the great and good Joseph resisted in their vile attempts to convert religion into licentiousness. I assure you nevertheless, Mr. Crawford, that I pity your ignorance far more than I blame your presumption. Your sentiments are precisely those which are to be expected in an unconverted Gentile, such as, unfortunately, you are at present. But I have great hopes, yea, confident expectations, my friend, that the veil will yet be removed from the eyes of your understanding, and that you will attach yourself to some one of the blessed companies who have renounced friends, and property, and country, and are pressing forward, as devout pilgrims, towards Zion."

Mr. Crawford was suddenly called away to attend to the business of the ship, and Elder Smart, who, unobserved by us, had listened to the whole conversation, took his place by my side, and, in an under-tone, commended me for my zeal in the cause of Zion and of the prophet. He proceeded to inform me that he had made arrangements for a prayer-meeting to be held on deck that evening by moonlight, and that the saints on board had expressed great satisfaction in view of the proposed "exercises."

Meanwhile, however, as the weather was balmy and pleasant, a dance was got up, and a scene of merriment ensued, such as I had not expected. The mariners, who abhorred our worship, readily joined in our recreations, and a one-legged Mormon fiddler, leaning against the main-mast, performed a variety of lively airs; while saints and sailors, young men and maidens, went through a number of country dances, jigs, and reels, with wonderful spirit and agility. Soon after the completion of the dances the sun set, and the full moon appeared rising in the east, and marking the rippling waters with a long line of tremulous light. Above us appeared the tall masts and the white sails now extended before a favourable breeze. The bowsprit was pointed in the direction of New Orleans, the long studding-sail booms projected on both sides like the arms of a giant, and an agreeable rushing sound was heard, as the cutwater ploughed through the deep blue waters of the tranquil ocean. The saints, who had gone below to lay aside their lighter garments, returned on deck enveloped in coats and cloaks, as a protection against the night air, and the business of the prayer-meeting commenced.

First of all, we sung, to a lively tune, a Mormon hymn respecting the gathering of the saints to Zion, and containing the following verses;

A Church without a prophet is not the Church for me;
It's like a ship dismasted, afloat upon the sea;
    But I've a Church that's always led
    By the twelve stars around its head;
A Church with good foundations,—oh that's the Church for me;
Oh that's the Church for me; oh that's the Church for me.

A Church without a gathering is not the Church for me,
The Saviour would not order it, whatever it might be;
    But I've a Church that's called out,
    From false tradition, fear, and doubt,
A gathering dispensation,—oh that's the Church for me;
Oh that's the Church for me; oh that's the Church for me.

Then the patriarch made a short address, in which he alluded to the certainty that Omnipotence was altogether on the side of the saints. The saints were destined to inherit the earth, and it was beyond all question that we were a portion of that highly-favoured body. Even the elements, he said, were made submissive to us. For our sake the moon shone out in splendour: for our sake the winds were favourable: for our sake the sea was calm. He then offered up a prayer for the prosperity of Zion, for the welfare of the prophet, and for the speedy conversion of the Gentiles, introducing under the latter head various allusions, by a kind of side-wind, to the officers and sailors of the vessel. Another hymn was sung with prodigious energy and spirit, and Elder Smart, partly reclining against the capstan, began to pour forth a prayer with a degree of volubility and force of expression, which we ascribed to the direct action of inspiration. Towards the close of this impassioned rhapsody he prayed that, for our greater encouragement, some token might be given of divine favour and approbation. He made a pause, and the moon-light shone upon the up-turned whites of his eyes. Immediately a voice was heard from above, which distinctly uttered the following words, "Prosperity be to this ship, and to all the saints who sail in it." The voice sounded somewhat like a speaking trumpet, although a certain resemblance to the pronunciation of Elder Bangs convinced me of the truth of what I had long believed, namely, that Mr. Bangs did indeed discourse in the language of Canaan. Most of us were wonderfully moved by this oracular voice, though we admitted that it was nothing more than we had a good reason to expect. An Englishman of the name of Brothers (who was accompanied by his wife, a son, and a daughter) was greatly affected, and shed many tears, in the belief that some angel had distinctly manifested himself in our behalf. A few of the less devout of our party shook their heads, and whispered their opinion that the voice sounded more of earth than of heaven. The sailors also nodded and winked at one another, and one of them, unseen by most of the company, seized a small cord and quietly clambered up the ratlines at the starboard side of the vessel. At the same moment I distinguished a portly figure hastily descending in the shade on the other side, and I thought I recognised the form of Elder Bangs, who I supposed had gone up to the main-top with a view to the greater elevation of his soul. Meanwhile the prayer-meeting continued, and terminated at eight o'clock by a triumphant chorus.

We had scarcely left the deck, with the view of turning in for the night, when a squall from the southward suddenly struck the vessel, and almost laid her on her beam-ends. Many of the sails were torn in pieces, and the rest were gathered in as speedily as possible, with the exception of the main and fore-top sails. The gale increasing fearfully during the night, the top-gallant masts were sent down, and all was made as snug as possible. When we came on deck in the morning the sea was running mountains high, while the tempest howled and screeched through the rigging with such fury, that we could scarcely hear our own voices. The gale continuing to increase, fourteen men were sent aloft to take in another reef in the main-top-sail. As they lay extended along the yard, a heavy sea struck the ship's quarter, the tiller-ropes were broken, and the ship, being consequently unmanageable, lay in the trough of the sea, the waves making a clear breach over the deck. The men descended from the yard to assist in securing the rudder, but before that necessary object could be attained, four of the saints were swept overboard and perished, and two of the crew were struck down with fractured legs. A loud cry was raised as the injured men were carried below, and, notwithstanding the assurances of Divine protection which I supposed we had received, I verily believed that our last hour had come. The efforts of the captain were, however, manfully seconded by Crawford and a few others, and in less than half-an-hour the rudder was made fast, and new tiller-ropes were rigged with some difficulty. The ship was then got before the wind, after losing the greater part of her bulwarks, one of her boats, and most of the loose articles on deck.

For six days it was impossible to take an observation, and, as the tempest raged with unabated violence, we drove rapidly in the direction of the banks of Newfoundland. On the seventh day the storm had subsided, but a thick fog prevailed, so that we could hardly distinguish objects at the distance of thirty yards. The head of the vessel was again set to the westward, some additional sail was made, and we began to hope that all immediate danger was over.

But as I was in the act of sitting down to dinner with Brothers and our two families, I was terrified by a violent shock, followed by a rushing of water underneath, which convinced me that the ship was actually going to the bottom. Hastily gathering up the table-cloth with its contents, Brothers and I rushed on deck, dragging after us our wives and children, who were utterly unable, in such an emergency, to act for themselves. A monstrous ice-berg could just be seen looming through the fog, and the first glance assured us that we were hopelessly shipwrecked. The captain, however, with the utmost intrepidity, ordered Crawford to save as many lives as possible in the whale-boat, while he devoted himself, with the help of the chief mate, to the task of clearing away the long-boat for the rescue of others. While the operations of our brave commander occupied the attention of the bewildered saints who now crowded the deck, Crawford, assisted by a few of the sailors, lowered the whale-boat into the sea, and Brothers and myself succeeded in placing our wives and children in this precarious refuge. Three of the crew, with Elder Smart, afterwards descended into the boat, when, fearing to be over-burdened, we pushed off from the vessel to a sufficient distance for security, yet in a situation near enough to enable us to perceive indistinctly what was going forward on board. At this instant a loud and piercing cry was raised, the ship slid backwards from the ice-berg by which she had been partially sustained, and, after raising her bowsprit high in the air, went down stern foremost. We picked up two strong swimmers, a saint and a sailor, but with these exceptions, not a survivor appeared. The gallant captain, with most of his stout men, the Mormon patriarch, and more than two hundred of the saints, perished with the noble ship, which had so often triumphed over the waves and hurricanes of the Atlantic. All was still, except the beating of our own hearts, and the dashing of the surf against the fields of ice by which we were enveloped.

Our situation was, indeed, perilous in the extreme. Our boat was crowded with seventeen persons, and her gunwale was little more than six inches above the water. The swell was still considerable, and our only present chance of safety was in keeping the boat under the lee of the ice, where the sea was comparatively tranquil. By the help of the oars we managed to effect this object, and we gradually collected our thoughts, and began to consider our plans for the future.

As the evening came on, the fog cleared away, and the setting sun shone for a few minutes in splendour upon the pinnacles of the ice-berg, producing a scene which at any other time would have filled us with admiration. Suddenly we were startled by hearing a human voice, and observed a man standing upon a floating fragment of ice, which had separated itself from the principal mass. As the wind and swell caused the slippery raft to drift in the direction of our boat, we soon recognised in the solitary passenger none other than Elder Bangs. It afterwards appeared that, at the moment when the ship struck, the Elder, in a paroxysm of terror, had leaped overboard from the bowsprit, and had found himself enveloped by a yielding mass of half-dissolved ice and snow. He had scarcely recovered the use of his senses, when he saw the vessel founder, and perceived himself at the same time to be adrift. On noticing our boat, he hailed us in a voice as stentorian as I had ever known it in the meeting-house, but in tones expressing all the agonies of extreme consternation. I begged Crawford, as our commanding officer, to take him on board, and my wife seconded my entreaties with tears and sobs; but that experienced veteran shook his head, and declared that the mere attempt to admit another passenger would be the certain destruction of us all. He suggested also that Elder Bangs, on his icy raft, was perhaps as safe as ourselves in our crowded boat, and that in either case nothing but speedy succour from some unknown quarter could avert a dismal catastrophe. Elder Bangs, being unable to swim, and perceiving that no effort was made in his behalf, redoubled his entreaties, fell upon his knees, and implored us in the most piteous manner to have mercy upon him. He was now very slowly drifting past us at a distance of less than a hundred yards, and we could distinctly observe the expression of his countenance, and hear every syllable which he uttered. Recognising Elder Smart, he begged him to intercede with Crawford in his favour, and reminded him of various past services, on account of which he conceived that Smart was under great obligations to him. "Didn't I," he said, "get you the use of the new brick meeting-house? Didn't I persuade the people to think well of Latter-day teaching? Didn't I, only last week, expose my life and my sacred honour, because you had a point to carry, and wished me to lend you a helping hand?"

Elder Smart looked daggers at the poor wretch, and bid him remember that he was a Latter-day Saint, and that Latter-day Saints ought to be prepared to die. He said that he fully concurred in the wisdom of Mr. Crawford's decision, severe as it might seem, and the more readily because Elder Bangs was not a Gentile like others, but a true convert to the faith, and therefore one to whom the mere "slipping off the mortal coil" would be a clear and certain gain.

"Oh Lord, Oh Lord!" replied Elder Bangs, "how can you say such horrible things, Elder Smart?—What!" he continued after a pause, (for the distance between us was now increasing,) "What! a'nt you going to take me in after all? Confound every soul of you; perdition seize every hair of your heads; confound the Latter-day Saints; confound Elder Smart; confound the Book of Mormon, and Joe Smith, and Zion, and the whole lot of arrant cheats, liars, and humbugs as they are, and as I know them to be." He now raved like a maniac, and his imprecations became too awful for me to commit to paper. Elder Smart appeared considerably relieved as Elder Bangs floated slowly away, and, looking round upon us, repeated two or three times, "The poor man has gone stark mad." The saints fully acquiesced in this statement, though Crawford was of a different opinion, and quietly said, "He speaks his real mind at last, now that lying won't serve his purpose any longer." But Elder Bangs' voice, though strained to the utmost, finally became inaudible in the distance, and we lost sight of him as night gradually descended upon the face of the deep.

I now tried to recollect any passages in the book of Mormon which might supply consolation at such an awful juncture as the present. But, to my disappointment, nothing of the sort could be recalled, although I thought myself tolerably familiar with the books of Nephi, Jacob, Alma, and Moroni in particular, besides other portions of our newly-revealed scriptures. A few texts from the Old and New Testament did indeed flash upon my mind with wonderful vividness and power, but I recollected that Joseph Smith had distinctly taught that both

Testaments are improperly translated, and I knew not how far I could put confidence in such passages as I remembered. Elder Smart, instead of encouraging us, appeared to sink into himself, and relapsed into a state of sullen taciturnity. The poor women and children sat in the bottom of the boat, grievously cramped for want of room, yet patient and uncomplaining. But as soon as the moon had risen in all her transatlantic brilliancy, Crawford took a Prayer-book from his bosom, and, without any apology, read in a clear and solemn tone of voice the General Confession, the Lord's Prayer, and other petitions which he considered applicable to our condition. The other sailors took off their hats, and reverently joined in the responses; but the saints followed the example of Elder Smart, and were silent.

The wind had now fallen, and through the night we heard no sounds but the hollow dashing of the surf around the floating island, which had proved a protection to ourselves, although a destruction to our shipmates. The water was cold by reason of the proximity of the ice, but such air as was stirring came from the southward, and we suffered less than might have been expected. In the morning the swell had subsided, and, as a gentle and favourable breeze began to blow, and no sail was in sight, Crawford decided on committing the boat to the sea, and on making for Newfoundland, which he judged to be about a hundred and fifty miles distant to the north-west. The table-cloth was converted into a sail, and a small portion of the scanty provisions which we had saved in it was shared among the passengers. Crawford repeated a short prayer, and we steered away from under the iceberg in the supposed direction of the land, the sailors and the saints taking turns in labouring at the oars.

During the day we made encouraging progress, though, notwithstanding the comparative smoothness of the sea, the water occasionally broke over the boat, in a way which reminded us of the imminent danger of our situation. The following night was indeed a night of horrors. The wind and sea increased, and it was only by constant baling that we were kept afloat. The morning dawned gloomily, and our seamen evidently expected a change for the worse. But, notwithstanding perpetual alarms, we continued slowly to advance on our course during the day, and managed, by dint of extreme watchfulness and labour, to survive another night, even more terrible than the preceding. On the next morning the last ray of hope seemed to have been extinguished. A few crumbs of bread were all the provision that remained, and a strong and contrary wind was drifting us back into the Atlantic. Despair seized upon the minds of nearly all on board. Indistinct expressions were even uttered, referring to our crowded state, and the possible expediency of sacrificing some lives in order that a small chance of escape might be left for the remainder. Elder Smart, who was sitting next to

Mr. Brothers, asked him in a whisper whether the saints on board might not be strong enough to overpower the Gentiles, if it became a question who should go overboard. Crawford rightly conjectured what was passing in the Elder's thoughts, and, reminding him of the argument which he had applied to Mr. Bangs, gravely asked him whether, as a Latter-day Saint, he was prepared to make the happy exchange which he had spoken of, and at the same time to relieve the boat by committing himself to the deep. The Elder turned deadly pale, but, collecting himself, replied that his life was too important to the interests of Zion to be lightly thrown away. Crawford then looking round upon us all, with a countenance beaming with noble and generous sentiments, said:—"I tell you what, my friends, the truth is the truth, and there's no use to hide it, the wind and sea are getting up, and this crowded boat can't be expected to hold up much longer. I believe I am the heaviest man on board, and if it comes to the necessity of heaving overboard, I'll be the first to go. Don't tell me that I can't be spared, Jack Sharp the boatswain here on my left, can navigate the boat after I'm gone; I only ask half-an-hour, and if matters don't mend in that time you may pitch me over."

Fifteen minutes passed in silence, the wind and waves continued to increase, and Elder Smart took out his watch and looked significantly upon the saints and upon Crawford. Ten more minutes elapsed, Elder Smart again looked at his watch, and at the same time a wave struck us which almost sent us to the bottom. While we were busily engaged in baling out the water with hats and shoes, the boat rose on the crest of a wave, and Mr. Sharp descried in the distance a sail. "A sail! a sail!" was the universal exclamation, and many of us wept and embraced one another with all the fervour of which we were capable. Crawford immediately proceeded to elevate a handkerchief on the blade of an oar as a signal of distress. We then laboured to keep the head of the boat to the sea, and strained our eyes to gain another glimpse of the vessel, though scarcely daring to hope for deliverance. In a few minutes she was seen more clearly than before, and in less than half an hour we perceived that our signal had been noticed, and that the stranger had altered her course and was bearing down towards us.

Another half-hour and we were on board the ship, to which we had been removed with extreme difficulty, not only on account of the heavy sea, but because of the cramped state of our limbs, and the exhaustion which we had suffered from the want of proper nourishment. To the unspeakable delight of the saints, the friendly ship proved to be a merchantman of Liverpool, bound to New Orleans with two hundred and fifty of our brethren on board, on their way to Nauvoo. We were received with all imaginable kindness, and our sufferings in the boat soon appeared as the reminiscences of a frightful dream. From this moment we were favoured by prosperous winds. In less than three weeks we entered the mouth of the Mississippi, and, being taken in tow by a steamer, arrived in safety at our destined haven.

CHAPTER III.

Elder Bangs re-appears at New Orleans.—Voyage up the Mississippi.—A Race of Steamers and a Conflagration.—Arrival at St. Louis.—Elder Smart and the Jesuits.—Voyage to Nauvoo.—Description of the "Holy City" and the Temple.—First Interview with the Prophet.—Mr. Brothers and myself purchase Land.—Joseph's Sermon.—Baptisms for Remission of Sins and for the Dead.—Cultivation of the Soil.—Bangs marries my Daughter, according to the directions of the Prophet.

My family and myself had lost in the wreck all our clothing, excepting what we carried on our persons, besides the whole of the moveables with which we had amply provided ourselves, with a view to our settlement in Nauvoo. I had, however, converted my money into a bill of exchange, which I carried in an inner pocket together with other documents of value. My first business, after the vessel had come to anchor, was to go ashore with the view of obtaining from a mercantile firm, to which I had been recommended, the amount of the proceeds of my bill. But I had scarcely set foot on the landing-place, when I saw Elder Smart, who had preceded me, in close and familiar conversation with a well-dressed and portly person, whom, to my utter astonishment, I recognised as the long-lost Elder Bangs. After an interchange of congratulations, Mr. Bangs informed me that he had been picked up by a packet-ship, which almost ran over his icy raft, during the night following the destruction of our vessel. Though grievously chilled with cold and enfeebled by terror and exhaustion, he raised his voice so loudly, when he saw it approaching, that the men on the watch heard him, and, perceiving the ice, caused the ship's course to be altered in time to prevent a collision. The packet was then brought to, and a boat lowered, which soon relieved the Elder from his perilous situation. Every possible attention was shewn him on board; the passengers contributing a sum of money for his benefit, and amply supplying him with clothes and other necessaries. The packet-ship speedily landed him at Havanna, the point of her destination, from whence he was forwarded by a steamer to New Orleans, where he had now spent two days in a hotel, recruiting his strength and spirits after his trying adventures.

His zeal apparently burned as brightly as ever, and he took particular pains to convince us that the awful expressions which he had uttered upon the ice were the effect of a merely temporary derangement of his nervous system. Elder Smart seemed to consider this explanation abundantly satisfactory, and the two brethren were evidently upon as good terms as ever. I could not, for my own part, altogether get rid of certain unpleasant feelings in regard to Bangs, though I was by no means prepared to adopt the view of his character entertained by Crawford.

After arranging our affairs and supplying ourselves with various necessaries, we embarked on the Mississippi in a steamer bound for St. Louis. Our passage-money was defrayed out of a common fund, and it was arranged that the saints in general should travel as deck-passengers, while the elders and other principal dignitaries should have the privilege of occupying the best cabin. For the information of those who are not familiar with western steam-boats, I may as well mention that the cabins are spacious, well-furnished, and airy apartments over-head, while the deck is only a foot or two above the water, and is encumbered by the furnaces, the boilers, and all the tremendous machinery of the high-pressure engines by which the vessel is propelled. What with the hissing and roaring of the steam, the clanking of the valves and rods, and the rumbling, thumping, and splashing sounds, produced by the cranks, the fly-wheel, and the paddles, the deck passenger must be pretty well accustomed to this mode of travelling, who, amid the filth and stench of these dismal regions, is able to obtain much repose. Yet about a hundred of us were here stowed away, with our boxes and bags, while our ecclesiastical superiors enjoyed every luxury and comfort. Another party of saints was to follow us in a second steamer, which was advertised to leave New Orleans early on the following day.

The cargo and passengers being all on board, a great bell was rung, and I observed a number of woolly-headed negroes throwing quantities of wood into the furnaces, in which the fires were already roaring and blazing furiously. The steam was soon raised to a high degree of power, and occasionally was blown off through two enormous funnels, with a noise far more terrifying to our ears than the loudest thunder. After the bell had been rung two or three times, and six or seven of these frightful emissions of steam had taken place, the ropes which attached us to the shore were cast off, the wheels began to revolve, and we rapidly ascended the muddy current of the Mississippi. I stationed myself with my family near the bow of the boat, where we had the benefit of fresh air, although we were annoyed by the trampling of a number of horses, and still more by the rude and uncouth language of the "hands," who are properly described as "half horse, half alligator." We were, however, interested in observing the scenery on both sides of the river, and we noticed the slaves working in the plantations, and the handsome residences in which the proprietors of these slaves enjoyed all the elegancies of life. Night came on speedily, and we retired to rest ourselves, as well as we could, among our packages in the rear of the engine; but the horrible noises of the machinery, and the boisterous profanity of the crew, effectually prevented sleep until the morning, when we dropped into uneasy slumbers, only to be repeatedly awakened by some fresh alarm.

The next day we again stationed ourselves in the bow among the horses, and made our meals on a portion of the provisions purchased at New Orleans. Elder Bangs descended a staircase from the upper deck, and entered into conversation with us in a tone of the most marked cordiality. My wife was quite fascinated by his saintly talk and especially by his glowing descriptions of certain visions, with which he declared himself to have been favoured while standing alone upon the fragment of ice. I cannot say that I relished his conversation as much as I could have wished, and indeed I blamed myself for not entertaining a due amount of veneration for an individual who appeared to have been so manifestly blessed with the approbation of Heaven. But this was not his only visit to us during the voyage on the river. Every day he spent several hours in our company, and on all occasions his kindness to Mrs. Richards was so assiduous, that I began to fear that my want of gratitude was produced by a hardness of heart arising from danger and misfortune.

On the sixth day after leaving New Orleans we were detained a considerable time at a wood-yard, where we were under the necessity of replenishing our stock of fuel. In the meantime the steamer with the second cargo of saints, which left New Orleans the day after our own departure, came in sight around a point of land, and very shortly passed us and shot rapidly ahead. Our captain declared that he would not suffer himself to be beaten, and accordingly, as soon as the wood was stowed away, the furnaces were heated with billets split into small sticks by the negro "hands" on board, and we shortly began to gain on the other vessel. It was manifest that our competitors were animated by the same spirit of emulation, and for a long time the race was even, the two steamers rushing through the water side by side, and threading the numerous curves of the river without victory declaring in favour of either. By the orders of our captain, several barrels of rosin were now emptied into the furnaces, and we were soon a boat's length ahead of our antagonists. The latter were not to be beaten so easily, and it was evident that not only rosin, but grease, oil, pitch, tar, and other combustible substances, were being employed by them, with the view of regaining the advantage which they had lost. Our captain, in despite of the entreaties of many of the saints and other passengers, proceeded to fasten down the safety-valve of the engine, and to serve out liquor to his crew, with the view of quickening their exertions. The scene was now frightfully exciting. The two vessels were again alongside, and sometimes almost in collision with each other, while the quick panting of the steam echoed from the bluffs and the overhanging forests. All at once a loud cry was heard from the decks of our rival; we then observed a cloud of smoke arising from her cabins, and immediately afterwards she was a mass of flames from stem to stern. The helmsman was burnt at his wheel, and the vessel was of course unmanageable. In less time than it takes me to write this, the few survivors of the conflagration were struggling in the water, into which they had precipitated themselves at the first alarm. Our own engines were stopped as soon as possible, and the safety-valve being unfastened, a prodigious volume of steam rushed forth with a sound like that of an explosion. Several boats were then lowered, which returned in a few minutes with about twenty persons, the sum-total of those who escaped, except a few who had already managed to swim ashore. The blazing vessel for a few minutes dashed about the river, her wheels revolving with fearful velocity; but the extreme heat soon raised the steam to a pressure exceeding the power of the boilers to resist. They all exploded simultaneously, the burning fragments were scattered in the air, the bottom of the boat was blown out, and the wreck instantly sank beneath the turbid waters.

Thus perished, through a wanton spirit of emulation, more than two hundred innocent persons, including many of the saints who had shewn kindness to us on our escape with Crawford near the coast of Newfoundland. I was filled with horror and grief, and wondered why my life was spared, when so many estimable people were sacrificed without a moment's preparation. Even the impassive countenance of Elder Smart betrayed emotion, and Elder Bangs was for some time in a state of speechless consternation. As for our captain and crew, they acted as if the dreadful event belonged to the ordinary routine of business, and as soon as the survivors had been taken up, the steamer proceeded just as if nothing particular had occurred. I never heard that an inquest was held, and I am quite satisfied that the captain never underwent any portion of the punishment to which his murderous recklessness had justly entitled him.

After spending two more anxious days and nights on board the steamer, we landed at St. Louis, where we were transferred to a smaller vessel, called the "Nauvoo," and bound directly for the "holy city." In order to replenish our little stock of necessaries we walked into the town, and, after making our purchases, amused ourselves with looking at some of the public buildings. Among others we noticed a new and unfinished Romish church, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, and possessing considerable architectural pretensions. We entered into the building, and, at the further end, came to an open doorway, which led into a kind of quadrangle belonging to a college of the Jesuits. In a corner of this quadrangle we beheld, to our astonishment, Elder Smart engaged in close and earnest conversation with two gentlemen in cassocks. In reply to my enquiries, one of the carpenters then working in the church assured me that these gentlemen were Jesuit fathers, and that one of them was actually the superior of that order for the surrounding district. Elder Smart was unaware of our having observed him, and my wife, on leaving the church, expressed to me, in a whisper, her extreme astonishment at finding him in such company. I assured her that no doubt he was engaged in performing his duty as a Latter-day elder. "Remember, my dear," I said, "these misguided Jesuits have souls as well as ourselves, and Elder Smart is unquestionably labouring to convince them of the error of their ways, with the view of converting them into saints."

We returned to the "Nauvoo," which was now beginning to get up her steam, in order to start before night. We were told that the captain was a saint, and that we need not apprehend a repetition of the recklessness which had produced the catastrophe of which we had been the unwilling witnesses. A little before sunset all the passengers were on board, and the vessel proceeded on her way. During the night we again reposed on our baggage near the engine, while the elders were accommodated as before in the upper cabins. On the following day we found ourselves in the clear waters of the Upper Mississippi, having passed the mouth of the turbulent Missouri, which defiles with its mud the mighty "father of waters" for more than twelve hundred miles, and indeed until he mingles his stream with the waves of the Gulf of Mexico. It was now the last week in March, and the forest trees were putting forth their early leaves, while all nature seemed to rejoice in the departure of winter and the approach of spring. The weather was delicious, and our spirits, long crushed by peril and calamity, rose with buoyancy in the thought that within a few hours we were to stand in the streets of Zion. In fact, early on the following morning we successfully ascended the dangerous rapids below Montrose, and soon afterwards our vessel was made fast at the landing-place of Nauvoo.

Nauvoo, we were told, derived its name from a Hebrew word, interpreted by the prophet as signifying "beautiful" and "delightsome." The situation was certainly worthy of these two epithets. The Mississippi, here as broad as at New Orleans, though fifteen hundred miles from the sea, flowed around a great part of the town in the form of a semicircle, near the centre of which, on a moderately elevated piece of ground, the prophet had selected the site of the temple. The edifice just mentioned was in an unfinished state at the time of our arrival, but it was the first point to which Brothers and myself, with our families, directed our steps, after depositing our goods in a storehouse near the landing. We ascended the scaffolding erected by the workmen, and surveyed in mute admiration the scene before us. On the level semicircle to the westward and southward, the streets of a great city were laid out, though as yet only partially built upon. Beyond them flowed the clear river, apparently a mile in width, and on the further bank stood the village of Montrose, behind which a broad expanse of the bright green prairies of Iowa stretched away in the distance as far as the eye could reach. Several islands covered with trees occupied the centre of the stream, and lower down to the left might be distinguished the formidable rapids, with a steam-boat slowly ascending through a channel discoverable only by the keen eye of the skilful pilot. At the north of the temple the straggling streets still extended themselves among the ancient trees of the forest, and farther on in the same direction, and towards the east, were the prairies of Illinois, already cultivated in numerous places by the industrious Mormons.

The site of Nauvoo, and much of the surrounding country, was at this time actually the property of a gentleman residing in London; but the sagacious prophet, after his expulsion from Missouri, had obtained, at a small expense, a defective title to the domain, and had sold the land to his converts for farming and building purposes, at an enormous advance of price. The actual proprietor in London, knowing that his rights could not be enforced without an army, for the present held his peace; and the saints were perfectly satisfied with their title, believing that the Lord had assuredly given them this country to be their proper inheritance. Ten thousand of them had already settled in Nauvoo itself, as artisans, manufacturers, and shopkeepers, besides those who had established themselves as cultivators of the soil in the vicinity. It was here seen how much can be effected by persons of industry and enterprise, associated upon a definite system. The saints, only a few years previously, had been utterly ruined when deprived of their lands in Missouri; but they had already more than retrieved their losses, and were again on the high road to prosperity.

Descending from the scaffolding, we entered the basement story of the temple, where an immense font had been erected upon the backs of twelve wooden oxen as large as life. This font was designed for "baptisms for the dead," while baptisms "for the remission of sins" were to be performed in the Mississippi. As we were surveying the strange sculpture of the oxen, three persons entered the apartment, two of whom we perceived to be Elders Smart and Bangs, while the third was a total stranger to us. The gait of this person was heavy and slouching, his hands were large and thick, his eyes grey and unsteady in their gaze, and his face and general physiognomy coarse and unmeaning. He wore a grey coat, with unbrushed boots, and a white hat enveloped with a piece of black crape. On one of his fingers was a massive gold ring, the only thing which seemed to distinguish him particularly from many of the rough backwoodsmen whom I had already met with. To my utter surprise, and, I must add, to my extreme disappointment, Elder Smart made known to us that this individual was none other than the great prophet, Joseph Smith, whom I had learned to associate in my own mind with Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel, as depicted in my father's old Bible. Mr. Brothers was not affected in the same way as myself, but lifting up both his hands, exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, for mine eyes do indeed behold the prophet of the Most High." He then seized the prophet's huge hand, kissed it fervently, and would, I believe, have gone down upon his knees, had not Elder Smart checked his devotion. The women and children looked timidly at the great man, with an expression of surprise and curiosity mingled with a kind of puzzled veneration. Joseph seemed to be already familiar with our several histories, which he had doubtless partially learned from the two elders, though at the time we imagined that his knowledge of us proceeded from his supernatural powers. He even talked to me of the red brick meeting-house in my native village, which he contrasted with the stupendous and magnificent temple which he said was designed to be the glory of the latter days. He spoke of the miraculous gifts which would hereafter be enjoyed in connexion with this holy place, and told us that we had shewn no small amount of heavenly wisdom in determining to locate ourselves where we could realize the fulness of divine revelation. He went on to say that we had arrived in the very nick of time, for that, in consequence of the recent death of a couple of Englishmen, who had settled near Nauvoo the preceding year, he had two small farms to dispose of close to the city, which would exactly suit Brothers and myself. We eagerly grasped at the implied offer, though somewhat cast down by hearing of the two poor Englishmen; and, believing that a prophet could do no wrong, we at once accompanied Joseph, in a vehicle which we hired, to see our future property. The farms adjoined each other, and consisted of fifty acres respectively, two miles distant from the temple. Upon each of them was a small wooden house, at present untenanted. We expressed ourselves perfectly satisfied with the estates, and returning with the prophet to Nauvoo, followed him to his office. Here certain writings were signed, and, after paying into Joseph's hands what we afterwards learned was a most exorbitant sum, we were given to understand that the farms and houses were our own. We made a few purchases of necessary furniture, and before sunset were established in our own dwellings, having brought our troubles, as we fondly imagined, to a happy and prosperous termination.

The next day was Sunday, and, after arraying ourselves and our children as neatly as possible, we set off on foot, to enjoy the distinguished blessing of attending public worship at the temple. On the way we were overtaken by several showy carriages and a number of light waggons, filled with saints and their families from the country. When we reached the temple more than two thousand persons had already collected in a grove adjoining the unfinished edifice, where a kind of platform was erected for the speakers, and seats were provided for the congregation. A hymn was first sung, and an extempore prayer was offered by Elder Smart, in which allusion was made to the saints recently arrived, and to the perils through which they had passed by fire and water on their way to Zion. The prophet Joseph was prayed for, as well as the temple, the "presidency of the Church," the apostles and elders scattered abroad, and the "stakes" of Zion, (i.e. the Mormon stations) throughout the four quarters of the world. Thanks were offered for the miraculous gifts said to have been poured down upon the saints, especially the gifts of healing diseases and casting out devils. The prayer concluded with a fluent address to the Deity, borrowed in a great measure from the words of the Old Testament Scriptures.

The prophet Joseph himself then stood up on the platform, and commenced a sermon or address, which he delivered with great readiness, though his grammar and pronunciation would certainly have made him ridiculous in an educated English congregation. Nevertheless, there was a certain rude power in his way of expressing himself, which proved effective in accomplishing the ends of the speaker, and demonstrated in Joseph the possession of one of the chief excellences of oratory.

He began by saying, that since many brethren had recently arrived from foreign parts, he should take this opportunity of recapitulating the particulars of the great work which the Lord had accomplished by his hands. "I was once," he said, "an ungodly youth like many others, living in ignorance and transgression. But while I was residing at Manchester, in the state of New York, my mind became seriously impressed with the importance of religion, though I was in great doubt as to the sect which it was my duty to join. At length I recollected the advice of the apostle James: 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God.' I immediately put this advice in practice, and retired into a solitary place in the woods for prayer. While I was praying for wisdom, and lamenting my ignorance and doubts, all at once I was enwrapped in a heavenly vision, and saw two bright personages, who exactly resembled each other in features, surrounded with a brilliant light, which eclipsed the sun at noon-day. One of them pointing to the other declared him to be his son, and proceeded to inform me that all the sects were wrong, and that it was my duty to join myself to none of them, but to wait for further revelations. On the evening of the 21st of September, 1823, while I was praying unto God, an angel with bright clothing suddenly manifested himself in my room, and commanded me to dig in the hill Camorah, about three miles from Manchester, in order that the words of David might be fulfilled,—'Truth shall flourish out of the earth.' I obeyed the celestial messenger, and digging in the appointed place discovered a stone box, upon removing the lid of which I perceived a book consisting wholly of plates of gold, connected by a ring of the same precious metal, and covered with inscriptions in some foreign and unknown characters. While I was meditating on the value of the gold, I was struck backwards by an invisible power, and was informed by an angel that, on account of my avaricious thoughts, the golden book must for the present be withheld from me. The excavation was filled up, and I returned home in great humiliation and distress of mind.

"In September, 1827, the angel again appeared, and, to my great joy, delivered the golden book into my hands, together with the Urim and Thummim of the ancient Jewish priesthood, which had all the appearance of a very large pair of spectacles. By the help of this miraculous instrument I was enabled to read the inscriptions on the plates in the English language, and, translating them word for word, I at length produced the Book of Mormon, by the gift and power of God. The angel then removed from me the Urim and Thummim, as well as the golden plates. A portion of the latter remained untranslated, by divine command, though they will be produced on some future occasion, in the Lord's own time.

"I should inform you that on the 15th day of May, 1829, I was visited by John the Baptist, who told me that he acted under the direction of Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the priesthood of Melchizedec. He conferred on me the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. He promised also that in due time the priesthood of Melchisedec should be conferred upon me, of which I should be the first elder. On the same day I was baptized by immersion, and afterwards ordained.

"The Book of Mormon was not published by me until it had received the testimony of three chosen witnesses, to whom eight others were afterwards added. And now the work goes on with power, and neither men nor devils can stop it. Often have I been mobbed, insulted, beaten, tarred and feathered, and treated like a reprobate wretch, and all because I had seen a vision of the Lord, and would not deny it. Often have the saints been plundered, yea, many of them have shed their life's blood, in defence of that which they verily know to be a truth, and no lie. Missouri shall yet answer for the persecution inflicted on fifteen thousand of the innocent people of the Lord, and for the death of thirty noble martyrs. Oh murdered, butchered brethren! dear to our hearts; once we enjoyed each other's company in the house of the Lord, and expressed our determination to each other to serve the Lord unto the end, even if death should stare us in the face. The time of trial found you true to your promise, and you died as valiant-hearted soldiers of the cross. If the sturdy oaks of Missouri could speak, they would tell a tale of woe; how widows and orphans bemoaned while under their branches, because of the loss of husbands and fathers. Oh liberty! whither art thou fled? Oh patriotism!

whither art thou gone? Once the United States of America was a land of freedom, liberty of speech, and of the press; liberty of conscience was enjoyed really, and not merely in name. But this is the case no longer. The blessings purchased for us by the blood of our revolutionary forefathers have departed for ever.

"The history of the Latter-day Saints has wofully verified this fact. To heighten the wrong, it has all come upon us in consequence of our adhesion to the truth. Say not it is deception, delusion, and fanaticism. If we are deceived, the Almighty and His angels have deceived us, the Bible has deceived us, the word of prophecy has deceived us. But we know and boldly testify that God is true, that His angels are true, that His prophets are true, and that the religion of the Bible, properly understood by the light of the Book of Mormon, is no deception, but an eternal reality.

"Here in Illinois, after being cruelly expelled from Missouri in 1839, we have found a hospitable people and a friendly home; a people willing to be governed by the principles of law and humanity. We number nearly ten thousand in Nauvoo, besides vast numbers in the country around, and in the State at large. The legislature has given us a charter for this city, and for a legion, the troops of which now amount to fifteen hundred men, and are abundantly able to protect us against our enemies. We have a charter for a university, and for an agricultural and manufacturing society; we have our own laws, and elect the administrators of those laws. Persecution has not stopped the progress of truth; no, verily, it has only added fuel to the flame, it has spread with increasing rapidity. Proud of the cause which they have espoused, the elders of this Church have gone forth and planted the gospel in almost every state of the Union. It has spread over our villages, it has penetrated our cities, it has caused thousands of our intelligent, noble, and patriotic citizens to obey its divine mandates, and to be governed by its sacred truths. It has spread into England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. In Germany, Palestine, New Holland, and the East Indies, the standard of truth has been erected. No unhallowed hand can stop the work from progressing. Persecutions may rage, mobs may combine, armies may assemble, calumny may defame; but the truth of God will go forth nobly and independently, until it has penetrated every continent, visited every clime, swept every country, and sounded in every ear; till the purposes of God shall be accomplished, and the great Jehovah shall say, *The work is done.*"

After another hymn had been sung, the prophet closed the meeting by informing the congregation that he should attend to the ordinance of baptism in the river near his own house, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

We then walked, with a good many others, to the house of old Mrs. Smith, the prophet's mother, whom we found dressed in her best cap to receive visitors. She told us a long story about her son's discovery of the golden plates, to which we listened with great reverence and awe. She then took us up stairs and shewed us four mummies which had been brought from Egypt, and were now in a state of nudity, Joseph having removed the papyrus, in order to translate it "by divine power." Mrs. Smith told us that one of these mummies was once a king of Egypt, two had been his wives, and the remaining one was the daughter of another king.

At the hour appointed for the baptisms, the left bank of the Mississippi was lined with a multitude of people, and the prophet, wading up to his middle in the water, immersed with his own hands nearly a hundred persons, "for the remission of their sins." At the close of this very remarkable scene, the prophet lifted up his hands towards heaven, and in a loud voice called for the blessing of God upon the people.

The congregation then repaired again to the grove on the hill near the temple, to attend to the ordinance of confirmation. The prophet seemed by no means fatigued, notwithstanding his preaching in the open air, and his laborious work of immersing so many persons in the Mississippi. By the laying on of his hands—holy hands, as I then deemed them,—he "confirmed" fifty or sixty of those whom he had already immersed. In the meantime great numbers of people were being "baptized for the dead" by several elders, in the large font which rested, as I have mentioned, on the backs of sculptured oxen. The elders assured the multitude that by going through this rite they would deliver their deceased friends from the prison-house in which their souls were confined. Elder Smart in particular harangued them from time to time, and told them that the blood of their progenitors would unquestionably be required at their hands, unless they undertook to be baptized for them. "And now," he said, "the great purposes of the Almighty are hastening to their accomplishment, and the things spoken by the prophets are fulfilling, as the kingdom of heaven is established upon earth, and the ancient order of things is restored. The Lord has manifested to us this duty and privilege, and we are commanded to be baptized for the dead, that the words of Obadiah may be fulfilled: 'And saviours shall come up upon Mount Zion to judge the remnant of Esau, and the kingdom shall be the Lord's.'" He then proceeded to depict, in the most dismal colours, the condition of those poor unhappy persons whose souls were confined in the prison-house, by reason of the neglect of their Mormon friends and relations. I had been told that certain Romish priests in Ireland described in similar terms the horrors of purgatory, and I had always considered such tales as the mere figments of priestcraft. But I firmly believed the declarations of Elder Smart, and shed many bitter tears in thinking of my poor old father, whose body lay buried in the churchyard at Pillington. I pressed forward to the font, paid the usual fee for the use of the temple, and was baptized, as I thought, for the benefit of my father's soul. As

I emerged from the water I felt unspeakable consolation in the thought, that at that moment his prison-doors were opened, and that he was already in paradise. My wife, together with my daughter Sarah and my boy John, also underwent the same process, in behalf of a deceased aunt of Mrs. Richards and a sister and brother who had died in early youth. Elder Bangs assisted in the rites, and provided us with the baptismal raiment worn during the performance of the ceremony. When all was over, the same attentive personage walked back with us to our new home. After a frugal meal, we spent the evening in conversing upon the wonders which we had seen during the day, the wisdom of the prophet, and the glorious privileges of the saints. Sarah evidently admired Mr. Bangs exceedingly, and the reverend Elder appeared to prefer the conversation of my daughter even to that of her mother. It was nearly midnight before he gave us his parting benediction and returned to Nauvoo.

The spring had just commenced, and my neighbour Brothers and myself found ample occupation upon our land. We soon learned to handle the American axe with good effect; we cut down trees, split them into rails for fences, repaired our dilapidated dwelling-houses, and erected temporary outhouses. We purchased a yoke of oxen between us, ploughed up a considerable extent of ground, and planted it with Indian corn. We laid out gardens, and stocked them with choice apple and peach trees, We found the qualities of the soil to be excellent, and fully believed the prophet when he told us that in a few years Nauvoo would be an earthly paradise. We were greatly encouraged in our industry by a piece of advice which we read in the "Times and Seasons," a periodical work published in Nauvoo. "Let each citizen," said the writer, "fill his spare ground with fruit-trees, shrubbery, vines, &c., tastefully arranged and properly cultivated, and in a short time we may each sit under our own vine and fig trees, and enjoy richly the fruits of our industry. Let the division fences be lined with peach and mulberry trees, the garden walks bordered with currant, raspberry, and gooseberry bushes, the houses surrounded with roses and prairie flowers, and their porches crowned with the grape-vine, and we shall soon have formed some idea how Eden looked; and how industry, accompanied with the blessing of God, will bring back to man the beauty and riches which characterized his first abode."

Summer came on; our Indian corn sprang up luxuriantly around us in all its verdant beauty; our newly-planted trees grew vigorously, our vines sent out their long shoots, and promised in a season or two to cover not only our porches, but our entire dwellings. Our roses were in splendid bloom, our potato crops were in a most thriving condition, and our melons, pumpkins, squashes, and cucumbers spread themselves over the ground with a velocity quite marvellous to those who had hitherto been accustomed to the less forcing climate of England. The weather became intensely hot, and we were sometimes oppressed with a sensation of almost intolerable languor, during which our thoughts often wandered to the more temperate valleys of Lancashire. But our general feeling was that of satisfaction. We felt, it is true, that in coming to Nauvoo we had not bettered our temporal condition, and, for my own part, I never expected to enjoy greater earthly comfort than I possessed while cultivating my paternal acres at Pillington. Yet we congratulated ourselves on having made sacrifices for the Lord's sake, and believed that we had found an abundant compensation in the distinguished privileges which we enjoyed at Nauvoo.

Elder Bangs continued to honour us with his visits, and his attentions to my daughter Sarah became more assiduous than I altogether liked. At the close of a sultry evening in July my wife and I saw two persons approaching our house, whom we recognised as Mr. Bangs and the prophet Joseph. Our door was open on account of the heat, and in a few moments these dignitaries had entered and taken their seats. Although Sarah was present, the prophet commenced the conversation by telling us that he had come to declare the will of the Lord respecting our daughter. He proceeded to inform us that the Almighty had commanded that Elder Bangs should take unto himself a wife, and that our daughter was destined by Heaven to be his bride. Seeing me start and change colour, he said to me, "Brother Richards, of course you don't doubt that I am a prophet of the Lord?" I stammered out something implying that I indulged myself in no doubts of the kind. "Well then," said Joseph, "we may regard the thing as settled; Sister Richards, I am sure, has no objection." In the very next week my poor unfortunate daughter was married to Bangs, according to the Mormon rite, and took up her residence with him in a new house near the dwelling of the prophet.

CHAPTER IV.

Mormon Doctrines.—Engagements of the Prophet.—Joseph borrows Money of Brothers and myself.—Death of my Wife and Sons.—Elder Smart detected in a Popish Plot, and Joseph Smith in a State of Intoxication.—Commencement of Polygamy.—Misfortunes thicken upon the Family of Brothers.—Joseph refuses to repay our Money.—Death of Brothers and his Wife and Daughter.—Vengeance comes upon the Prophet.—My awful Dream.—Death and Burial of Joseph.—Flight of young Brothers.

ALTHOUGH I was inwardly grieved and distressed by the marriage of my daughter to Elder Bangs, I submitted without murmuring, as I believed it to be the will of the Almighty. During the week I was generally engaged on my little estate, and on Sundays I regularly attended the meetings held near the temple. Many doctrines were now prominently taught, of which I had heard comparatively little in England. Great stress was laid upon the material nature of the Deity, who was declared to be possessed of body, parts, and passions like a man, and to reside in a distant planet denominated Kolob. A great deal was said about the future residence of the saints, and we were told that after the resurrection they will need houses and clothing as in the present world, that they will marry and have children, and cultivate farms and flower-gardens. Wonderful things were predicted respecting the speedy restoration of the Jews to the land of Canaan, the overthrow of the Pope, and the commencement of the Millennium. It was apparently taken for granted that we abounded in the gift of tongues, and in the miraculous powers of casting out devils, healing the sick, drinking poison with impunity, and handling vipers and rattle-snakes without damage. I am not able to affirm that I was a witness of anything very remarkable in these several respects, though I constantly heard of wonderful prodigies reported to have been seen by others. We were, however, strongly advised by our teachers to abstain from tobacco and strong drink; and I certainly beheld with my own eyes the uncommon spectacle of a large and hard-working community living in a state of almost universal sobriety.

Although I had been taught, while among the dissenters in England, that the demand of tithes was an infamous exaction and robbery, I now contributed, like the rest of my neighbours, a tenth part of all my receipts and earnings to the maintenance of the Mormon hierarchy. Meanwhile our prophet was engaged in various ways in advancing the cause of Zion. Sometimes he appeared in the uniform of a general, with a sword by his side and epaulettes on his shoulders, reviewing the Nauvoo Legion, a standing army of nearly two thousand men. Sometimes he sat in his editorial chair, preparing for the "Times and Seasons" leading articles, which to the minds of his followers partook of the character of inspired revelation. Sometimes, as mayor of Nauvoo, he presided over the debates of the corporation, and controlled the decisions of the obsequious aldermen. Sometimes he appeared as a merchant or as a dealer in land, in both of which capacities he displayed even more than the ordinary shrewdness of a Yankee. Sometimes on the platform in the grove, at the place of meeting, he held forth as a preacher, and by his rude oratory enchained the minds of the listening believers.

Months passed away, and the prophet all at once became exceedingly sociable with Brothers and myself. There was a jovial manner about him, mingled with a peculiar kind of rough humour, which, although very different from what might have been expected in a prophet, now exercised a strange fascination over us. In the autumn, after we had gathered in our crops, Mr. and Mrs. Brothers, with their son and daughter, were violently attacked by a fever. They would not allow of a medical attendant, but sent for the prophet, that he might lay hands upon them, and raise them up from their bed of sickness. The prophet accordingly came out from Nauvoo in his carriage, drawn by two spirited horses, and having put up his vehicle in the barn, for symptoms of amendment. I earnestly prayed the Almighty to bless the imposition of the hands of the prophet. But alas! during the night John departed this life, and in the morning Francis followed him. Mr. and Mrs. Brothers shewed me the utmost kindness on this melancholy occasion, and the same afternoon we dug two graves in my garden, and committed the remains of my two dear boys to their kindred dust. In my wretchedness I turned over the pages of the Book of Mormon in search of consolation, but no comfort was to be found. I suddenly recollected my father and his old Bible; I could almost discern the image of my venerable parent as he calmly perused the well-worn volume. In the agony of the moment I could almost have dashed the Book of Mormon to the ground and trampled it under foot, as the cause of all my miseries. Had the prophet then appeared, I verily believe that I should have inflicted personal chastisement upon him, and driven him from the house with execrations.

I heard a step, and beheld my daughter approaching, pale and miserable, and shedding many tears. She had heard of the death of her brothers and the illness of her mother, and had come to render such assistance as might be in her power. But Mrs. Richards was beyond human help, and her end was rapidly approaching. After remaining some hours in a state of stupor, she at length opened her eyes and calmly enquired respecting her children. Being told that their sufferings were past, she faintly said, "The Lord's will be done," after which she relapsed into a state of insensibility. About midnight she suddenly revived, but her eyes gleamed with the unnatural fire of insanity. She spoke rapidly and incoherently, but I could distinguish the words, "Dear England—dear children—horrible Bangs—horrible, horrible prophet—oh! horrible prophet—God will judge—the will of the Lord be done." After a few more exclamations of this nature she fell back, closed her eyes, and I was a widower. With the help of Brothers I interred her the following day by the side of our children. Elder Bangs came immediately afterwards for his wife, and took her back to Nauvoo, though she clung to me and evidently desired to remain with me as long as possible.

I felt utterly stunned by my calamity, and for many days Brothers and his wife were wholly unable to administer the slightest consolation. But by degrees I recovered myself, and, as the effects of the shock subsided, Mormonism gradually regained its strange ascendancy in my mind. After a few months I even paid more attention than ever to the new "revelations" which appeared from time to time, and I was decidedly more enthusiastic than my neighbours in my anticipations of the coming glories of Zion. In the meanwhile, with a heavy heart, I continued to work upon my farm, and in the following spring I saw my roses again in bloom, and my fruit-trees promising a plentiful crop. But of what avail were the roses to me now? Those were gone for whose sake alone my garden had been a source of delight. As for my only surviving child, I seldom saw her, and had too much reason to fear that she was far from happy.

Some time in the following summer, I went one morning to Nauvoo with Brothers, to transact some little business in which we were both concerned. Passing the residence of Elder Smart, we saw a crowd of persons collected around the door, many of whom were uttering expressions of anger and indignation. Upon making enquiry, we were informed that Elder Smart had been detected in a popish plot, and had decamped during the night, in order to escape summary punishment. A letter addressed to him, with the St. Louis post-mark, had been surreptitiously opened by Mr. Bangs in the post-office of Nauvoo, and exhibited by him to the prophet and his council. This letter appeared to have been written by one of the Jesuit fathers, and implied the existence of some correspondence between the parties. It transpired that Smart had conceived the bold design of introducing the whole Mormon community into the Romish fold. He had zealously preached up baptism for the dead, because he regarded it as a preparation for a belief in purgatory and masses for the departed. He had magnified Mormon miracles, because a habit of regarding them with wonder would prepare the way, he imagined, for a belief in the miracles of Rome. He had denounced the English Church and Prayer-book, the English version of the Scriptures, and the

English episcopate, in the hope of unsettling by means of Mormonism the foundations of the Reformed faith. He had extolled the practice of anointing the sick with oil, because he fancied that he saw in it the germs of extreme unction. He had maintained the absolute necessity of a body of living apostles and an infallible prophet, because he saw that this idea, when once established, might be applied to a college of cardinals and an infallible pope. It appeared, from some papers discovered at his residence, that he believed the time was now near at hand when his plans would be ripe for execution, and when he would be in a fair way of becoming a cardinal at least. He evidently calculated that the prophet would soon destroy himself by some act of egregious folly, and that, by dexterous handling, the bulk of the scattered saints could, in that event, be secured to Rome. Joseph was at first in a state of great fury and excitement at this discovery; but in the afternoon he cooled down, and produced a paper containing a prophecy which he said he had written down four years previously. The prophecy was to the effect that Elder Smart would turn out to be a Jesuit in disguise, a wolf in sheep's clothing. Elder Bangs extolled the supernatural wisdom of the prophet, declared that he had himself never fully confided in Smart from the very first, and expressed his extreme horror on account of his former intimacy with such an abandoned wretch, and so artful an impostor.

But a still more astonishing discovery was made and walked home. Brothers did not utter a single word, but on entering his door his strength failed him, and he fell to the ground. Mrs. Brothers was already ill from grief, and on the following day the two parents and the daughter were in a condition which left small hope of recovery. Young Brothers and myself attended to them as well as we could, and even obtained the services of a physician. But all proved fruitless; they died one after the other, and, on the first day of June, 1844, Miss Brothers, who survived her unhappy parents, was buried by their side in the little garden.

Young Brothers shed no tears, and it was plain that some fixed purpose had gained possession of his soul. As soon as his sister was dead he collected all the Mormon books in the house, tore them to atoms, and committed the fragments to the flames. He then solemnly exclaimed, "Now I have done with Mormonism for ever and for ever." From a Church of England Prayer-book, which happened to have been preserved on account of some dates on a fly-leaf, he read the burial-service over the three graves at his sister's funeral, with a calm and collected voice. He then threw the Prayer-book into the open grave, and exclaimed in the same firm voice, "Now I have done with all religion, and that too for ever and for ever." He then filled up the grave with his own hands, stood upon the turf which he had carefully placed on the top, and deliberately uttered the most awful speech which I ever heard from the mouth of mortal man. He declared that henceforth "he would devote himself to the work of vengeance; that he would follow Joseph Smith as a hound follows a hare; that he would have his heart's blood, but not yet; that he would feast his eyes with gazing on the stiffened corpse of the prophet, but not until he had seen his infamy exposed before the noon-day sun, and his name a byword and an execration." Looking me full in the face, for no other person was present, he concluded by saying, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." Before I had time to interpose, he had seized his rifle and powder-horn and was gone.

About a week afterwards, viz. on the 7th of June, a newspaper called the "Expositor" suddenly appeared in Nauvoo, being issued from a press lately established in the city. The editors, whoever they were, professed to admit the truth of Mormonism as contained in Smith's earlier revelations, but protested against the more recent developments of the system. They had the boldness to assert that the prophet's pretensions to righteousness were altogether hypocritical, and that under a new and secret system of "spiritual marriage" so called, he practised outrageous abominations. It was asserted that my son-in-law Elder Bangs and other eminent dignitaries were accomplices with Joseph in these infamous proceedings. The editors blamed the prophet for his present ridiculous attempt to become President of the United States, and alleged that he was unworthy of power, since he had taught that the Gentiles ought to be "spoiled" by the saints. They also declared their intention of advocating the proceeded to perform the anxiously desired ceremony. He prayed the Lord to heal the sick persons, after which he placed his great hands upon them, and anointed them with oil from a phial which he carried in his waistcoat-pocket. He then directed his conversation to Brothers and myself. He said that he was in great want of money, having been called upon unexpectedly to pay a debt due to a troublesome Gentile in Montrose. He did not wish the "Church" to suffer in public estimation, and as he had heard that we were in possession of ready money, he wanted to borrow of us a sufficient sum to meet the exigency. Brothers, in a faint voice, said that he had a hundred pounds remaining, which he had laid by against a rainy day. The prophet simply replied, "The Lord hath need of it." Poor Brothers crept from his bed, went with some difficulty to a chest, from a corner of which he took the required sum, which he had tied up in a leathern bag. Joseph untied the bag, counted out the money, and transferred it to his own capacious pocket, assuring Brothers that he would repay him on demand, and that the word of a prophet was better than any bond. Meantime I ran over to my own dwelling, and soon returned with a hundred and fifty pounds, nearly the whole amount remaining to me after my losses and sacrifices. The prophet took the money very coolly, and giving me a verbal assurance, like that which Brothers had received, removed his horses and carriage from the barn, seized the reins, leaped into the seat, flourished his whip, and drove homewards at full gallop.

Brothers and his family soon afterwards recovered, and ascribed their restoration wholly to the miraculous touch of Joseph. The prophet after this spent many of his evenings at my worthy neighbour's house, and his manner towards Miss Brothers was more like that of a suitor than I should have expected in a married man and the father of a large family. But I had little time to think on the subject, for a calamity was impending which turned my mind in a very different direction. The fever attacked my wife and my two sons, and the disease soon assumed a terrifying appearance. I went to Nauvoo and besought the prophet, with tears in my eyes, to come over and lay hands on the sick, that they might recover. He answered more abruptly than kindly, and said something about people coming and worrying him when the Lord knew he had enough to do already; however, he said he would come over in the course of the evening, and I returned homeward oppressed by a strange feeling of desolation. The evening and the night passed, and half another day, the patients growing worse and worse, and being now in a state of delirium. At length the prophet came as before, tied his horses to the fence, and entered the sick room with a heavy tread and a demeanour which struck me as somewhat unfeeling. He laid his hands on the sufferers, applied his oil, and went off as abruptly as he came. I watched in vain by me within a week afterwards. Having occasion to cross the river to Montrose about the purchase of some cattle, I happened, on leaving the ferry-boat, to take a path which conducted me near a shop which had been established for the sale of whiskey. I heard a voice which sounded like that of the prophet, and looking over a fence I saw Joseph Smith himself lying alone on the grass, with a whiskey bottle by his side, and decidedly far gone in a state of intoxication. He was talking and laughing, and evidently congratulating himself, in a soliloquy, on the success of his devices. "I am a prophet," he said, "a profitable prophet; a profitable prophet indeed I am. Prophetical profits are good profits, very good profits, capital good profits, I'll be hanged if they ain't. The saints are a pack of fools; but I am a prophet, a profitable prophet, a prophetical, prophesying, profitable prophet. What was Mahomet compared with me? He was a jackass. What was Napoleon? He was a numbskull. What was Alexander? He was a blockhead. I am a greater man than Moses,—hurrah!—I am a greater man than Moses,—hurrah!—hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

I might have heard much more, but I retreated precipitately, full of horror and consternation. I re-crossed the river, and hastened to Brothers, who was at work in one of his fields. "Oh Brothers, Brothers," I said, "I have seen and heard such dreadful things. My heart is almost broken. This is worse than all." I shed many tears, and at last described the scene which I had witnessed at Montrose. Brothers was very much shocked, and for some time we were both speechless. At last my friend observed, that he had heard one of the elders say, that, although Joseph Smith was a prophet, still, after all, he was only a man. David was a prophet, but, nevertheless, he sometimes fell into great sin. Indeed, he thought it quite possible that Satan might completely get the advantage over Joseph or any other prophet; but that even in that dreadful event, the truth of his revelations and prophecies would in no respect be affected. Considerations of this nature somewhat calmed my mind, but from this moment I looked upon Joseph in the light of a fallen angel. The real depth to which he had fallen was as yet, however, beyond my conception.

Not long after my adventure at Montrose, fresh disclosures were made which harrowed up my feelings to the utmost. Miss Brothers, a fine young woman of eighteen, had been for some time in a melancholy state of mind, and had been entirely changed from her former self. She now fell into a dangerous illness, and it was evident that some painful secret was weighing upon her mind. Her father proposed to send for the prophet to lay hands on her again, but she promptly and positively refused to see him, and burst into a fit of weeping which for some time was uncontrollable. At length, after much solicitation, she made known to her mother the secret which was weighing her down to the grave.

It appeared that the prophet had privately informed her that the Almighty had given him a revelation to the effect that he was permitted to take several wives, after the manner of the patriarchs of old. He assured her with a solemn oath that she had been appointed in heaven to become one of his brides, and that the relation was destined to continue to all eternity. She was at first unspeakably overcome by this announcement, but finally, believing it to be the Lord's will, she complied, and was married to Joseph the same day, in the presence of two of his elders, a strict promise of secrecy being exacted from her on the occasion.

I will not attempt to describe the horror and indignation which seized on the parents. Young Brothers, now a vigorous youth of twenty, uttered the most tremendous imprecations, seized a loaded rifle, and was on the point of rushing to Nauvoo, in order to destroy the author of all this misery; but we restrained him for the time, and I reminded him of one declaration in the old Scriptures, which at that moment came into my mind with astonishing force:—"Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

In the course of a day or two our minds were sufficiently calm to allow of our considering what was our best course under our present circumstances. We were almost penniless, and we thought it expedient that, in the first place, Brothers and I should go to the prophet and request him to return us the money which we had previously lent him. Accordingly we proceeded to Joseph's house, where we found his wife, Emma Smith, cooking the prophet's dinner on the hearth. She looked at us rather sorrowfully when we came in, placed two chairs for us, and silently proceeded with her work. In a few minutes the prophet entered in his shirt-sleeves, asked us how we did, and sat down. According to previous agreement, I introduced the subject by informing Joseph that we were greatly in want of money, and that we should feel obliged to him if he would repay us the sum which we had advanced him some time before.

Joseph affected to receive this communication with astonishment. He rose from his chair with his hands in his pockets, and said to us,—"Didn't I tell you both that the Lord had need of that money? Well, now I say the Lord needs it still. I have spent your money for the advancement of the great work of the Lord in these last days. I have suffered all but death for Christ's sake, and now you come troubling me and wanting to live at ease yourselves. What a pitiful fuss you English people always make about your money! You ought to be contented with living in this fine and beautiful country, where you are in the midst of miracles and revelations from the Lord. But if you ain't satisfied, don't come whining to me about your money, but go back to England, where you came from, and go to perdition."

Shocked as we were, we knew we had no redress, unconditional repeal of the several charters by which the prophet was enabled to maintain his position as Mayor of Nauvoo, Regent of the University, and General of the Legion.

The publication of this paper exasperated the prophet beyond all measure. He summoned his council on the 8th, and again on the 10th. The prophet and his brother Hyrum* made several speeches against the "Expositor," and declared, with awful effrontery, that the statements respecting "spiritual wives" were utterly false. Joseph required the aldermen to decide upon the total suppression of the newspaper as a public nuisance. This was promptly agreed to, and the prophet ordered the marshal of the city to destroy the printing-press of the "Expositor," and burn every sheet of the paper which could be found. The Nauvoo Legion, now a well-armed and disciplined body of about 3,000 men, was also ordered by the prophet to hold itself in readiness to execute his ordinances.

On the evening of the 10th I was in Nauvoo, and saw the press destroyed, the type scattered in the street, and the paper consumed, a large mob being concerned in the riot, and the authorities of the city being actively concerned in all that took place. The proprietors and editors of the "Expositor" fled for their lives, and escaped to Carthage, the county town, about sixteen miles distant. Here they complained to the magistrates, and procured a warrant against Joseph, Hyrum, and sixteen others who were engaged in the fray. The constable came to

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* This name is always thus spelt in Mormon documents.

Nauvoo, and served the process upon the accused, but Joseph refused to acknowledge its validity, and having appeared with the others before his own municipal court, all were (as might have been expected) honourably discharged, while the constable from Carthage was marched out of the city by the Mormon marshal.

The county authorities could not permit this affront to the laws to go unpunished, and the militia of the State was ordered out to support the county officer in arresting the two Smiths and their sixteen confederates. Messengers were also sent to the governor of Illinois, who considered the circumstances so threatening that he took the field in person, and arrived at Carthage on the 21st of June. He found the people assembled in great numbers awaiting his orders, and promptly discovered that in the present state of excitement nothing but the utter destruction of Nauvoo would satisfy the exasperated "Gentiles." On the other hand, our Mormons in Nauvoo put the city in defence under the direction of the prophet and his chief officers; ammunition and provisions were procured, cannon were posted in various important positions, and the Legion was ordered out and placed under arms. From all parts of the country the followers of the prophet hastened to render assistance at this terrible crisis, and all things seemed to portend a sanguinary civil war.

On the night of the 24th I was at my desolate home, oppressed with many anxious and conflicting thoughts. About midnight I fell asleep, or seemed to do so, and immediately found myself in a dream of an unusual character, which I truly believe was something more than a dream. I imagined that I stood on a wide prairie near Nauvoo, upon which the moon was shining in undisturbed serenity. All at once I heard a song, the tune and words of which resembled those which I had heard on board our ship at the time of our departure from Liverpool, though the cadence was unspeakably mournful. I clearly distinguished the words,—

Yes, our native land, we loved thee,
All thy scenes we loved them well;
Friends, connexions, happy country,
Did we bid you all farewell?
Did we leave you,
Far in distant lands to dwell?

A long procession then passed across the scene, consisting of all those who had perished on account of Mormonism, from the very commencement of its propagation. On they came, slowly advancing, with their eyes fixed upon me in a manner which made my blood run cold. I saw before me an apparently innumerable multitude of men, women, and little children, all arrayed in the garb of death. A voice seemed to whisper in my ears,—"These are they who were slain by mobs in Missouri, on account of their belief in Joseph Smith. Those were drowned at sea, and were never more heard of upon earth. The next troop died on the Mississippi by conflagrations and explosions, when near their journey's end. The last and largest company perished by disappointment and disease, after their arrival at Nauvoo."

While I was gazing on the last melancholy band as it drew near, I distinguished the countenances of my wife and of my two dear sons, as they appeared on the day of their departure. I was about to rush forward and embrace them, but they sadly shook their heads and waved their hands, as if to discourage the attempt. I would have forced myself, notwithstanding, into the midst of the ghostly company, but an unseen power held me back. Then came my old friend and companion Brothers, with his wife and daughter, beating their breasts and uttering mournful lamentations. Then I saw the two Englishmen who had preceded us in our little farms, and whose bloody necks indicated foul play. Soon afterwards the procession was at an end, and the spectral multitude arranged itself in a vast circle upon the wide prairie, the moonbeams casting a wan lustre upon their half-transparent forms. Suddenly I heard a deep voice, which seemed to come across the prairie from the direction of Carthage,—"Vengeance is the Lord's, and He will repay." The last word was taken up by the multitude, and I heard the thrilling response of a myriad of ghosts,—"Repay, repay, repay." Again the deep voice came over the prairie,—"The doom of the false blasphemer is at hand;" and again I heard a thrilling answer in tones of exultation,—"At hand, at hand, at hand." A rushing sound followed, like that of a gentle wind among the leaves, the multitude disappeared in an instant, and the prairie was again unpeopled.

I awoke in terror, with a cold perspiration upon my brow. After recovering myself in some measure, I hastened to Nauvoo, where I found that Joseph and his brother had just determined to surrender themselves to the governor, under a promise of protection. The prophet was aware that the militia of Illinois at the disposal of the governor amounted to eighty thousand men, while the Nauvoo Legion and every volunteer on the Mormon side did not altogether exceed four thousand. Joseph had a presentiment of evil, and said, when he gave himself up, "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter." I could by no means acquiesce in this view of his case, for, like many others, I now viewed him as a cruel and rapacious wolf, unwillingly caught in a snare, from which he would gladly have extricated himself by any compromise, had it been possible.

I accompanied the accused persons to Carthage, where the rioters entered into recognizances for their appearance at the next term of the circuit court, and most of them were allowed to return home. But before the papers were completed, a writ was served on Joseph and Hyrum Smith on a charge of treason against the State, and other offences. They were remanded to prison, to await their trial on the following day, the 26th, and the governor sent a captain of militia and sixty men to preserve the peace at Nauvoo.

I afterwards ascertained that the destruction of the two Smiths had already been spoken of among the people as being absolutely necessary to their safety, and that the great body of the "Gentiles" in the county were privy to a determination that these two men should not leave Carthage jail alive. At the same time their friends were busily engaged in devising measures for their liberation, and disguises were prepared to be sent to the jail in order to facilitate their escape.

On the 26th the two prisoners were brought up to answer to the charge of treason, and levying war against the State of Illinois. I secured a place in the crowded court-house, where I could distinctly see and hear all that passed. Joseph was accompanied by two friends, one on each side, and was guarded by a detachment of militia. His bold and swaggering manner had quite forsaken him; his cheeks were blanched with fear, and he had all the appearance of a guilty and cowardly culprit. I saw young Brothers among the crowd, and endeavoured to speak to him, but he avoided me. He was evidently describing his wrongs to various knots of eager listeners in turn, for as he spoke I beheld eyes full of fury and indignation directed against the wretched and helpless impostor.

After a good deal of informal conversation on the part of the justices and lawyers, the hearing of the case was deferred to mid-day on the 27th, as it appeared that the attorneys of the accused were unprepared with a defence. But as one of the justices was a captain of militia, under orders to march to

Nauvoo on that day, the trial was further postponed to Saturday the 29th, the Smiths offering no objection.

The mob breathing vengeance against the prisoners, and the militia evidently sympathizing with the populace, the governor, at the request of some of the leading Mormons, placed a guard over the jail, and visited the Smiths in their confinement on the afternoon of the 26th, in order to assure them of his protection. It was now rumoured among the mob that the governor had taken the part of the prisoners, and intended to allow them to escape. Young Brothers and several persons who had suffered like him declared that now was the time for vengeance, and succeeded in stimulating the excitement to the utmost by the recital of atrocities which they had known and witnessed. A numerous band of men accordingly resolved that, "as the law could not reach the Smiths, powder and shot should."

On the following day, (Thursday, June 27th, 1844,) the governor, having disbanded the militia, excepting two companies appointed to guard the jail, set out for Nauvoo about mid-day with sixty horsemen, and arrived at the "holy city" between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. He made a speech to about five thousand Mormons who had assembled to receive him. He told them that they were the aggressors; that their leaders had deceived them, and that any new aggression would unquestionably occasion their extermination. After concluding this address he set out on his return to Carthage.

But before he arrived at his destination the appointed vengeance was complete, and the false prophet had met his doom. The jail at Carthage was a large stone building in the outskirts of the town, and in the direction of Warsaw. The Smiths having complained to the governor of the rigour of their confinement, they had been allowed to take up their quarters in an upper apartment usually occupied by the family of the jailor. The windows of this room were not barred, and as the weather was warm, two of them were open, with a curtain hanging in front of each. The two companies left as a guard by the governor, were encamped, by some strange mismanagement, in the public square, nearly a quarter of a mile distant. From these companies small detachments, of eight men each, were successively sent to keep watch at the jail. Some of these guards were in the act of regaling themselves, together with the prisoners up-stairs, over a bottle of wine furnished by the prophet. I had stationed myself in front of the jail, at a distance of about a hundred yards, expecting to be a witness of something strange and awful.

At a quarter past five in the evening I saw a band of armed men approaching from the direction of Warsaw. When they came near I perceived that their faces were painted by way of disguise. Among the foremost and most active of them I distinguished the form of young Brothers, with his rifle and powder-horn. When they reached the jail they commanded the guards to surrender the prisoners, and were met by a refusal and the ineffectual discharge of a few muskets, purposely fired over their heads. A portion of the assailants gained the stairs in a moment, fired through the door, and in five minutes all was over. Hyrum Smith was the first to die, one bullet passing through his eyeball and another through his body. The prophet opened the door and discharged three barrels of a revolving pistol at the crowd ascending the staircase. He then retreated to a window and sprang up in order to leap out. As he threw aside the curtain I saw him for a moment, and heard his despairing cry, "Oh my God!" In an instant a number of rifles were discharged from the outside, and the prophet fell through the window fifteen or twenty feet to the ground. Five or six of the assailants raised the body and placed it in a sitting posture against the coping of a well. Young Brothers and three of his companions then reloaded their rifles, advanced from the front rank, discharged their bullets through the body, and, unless my own eyes deceived me, spurned the slaughtered impostor with their feet. In a few minutes the crowd had dispersed in different directions, and all was still.

A messenger, conveying intelligence of the murder, was at once dispatched to the governor, and met him on his return from Nauvoo while about three miles from that city. He was not allowed to proceed any further, and the Mormons in general were designedly kept in ignorance of the prophet's death until the following morning.

On arriving at Carthage the governor found that the public records had been removed to another town for security, and that the inhabitants had fled, dreading the vengeance of the Mormons and the Nauvoo Legion. Cannon, ammunition, arms, and valuable property, had been left behind by the panic-stricken fugitives. Even the men of Warsaw removed their wives and children to a distance, while the militia partook of the general infection, scattered themselves abroad without waiting for orders, and made the best of their way to their respective homes.

The governor was overwhelmed with mortification and regret on account of the catastrophe; but endeavoured to allay the prevailing panic by a proclamation, in which he assured the people that the Nauvoo Legion had surrendered to him their arms, and had submitted to his authority.

The inhabitants of Nauvoo, on the other hand, were no less terrified than their adversaries, expecting every moment to be attacked by the "Gentiles" and ruthlessly massacred. They made preparation, notwithstanding, for the funeral of the two Smiths, which took place at Nauvoo, on the evening of Saturday the 29th. On my return homeward I accompanied the persons in charge of the corpses, which were conveyed in two waggons from the jail at Carthage to the precincts of Nauvoo. As we approached the "holy city" we were met by a vast multitude, consisting of no less than eight or ten thousand of the "saints," many of whom were uttering loud wailings and lamentations, and imploring the Lord to avenge them of their enemies. The procession stopped at the "Mansion House," where various orations and addresses were delivered, the speakers extolling the murdered men to the skies, and comparing them to Saul and Jonathan, but at the same time exhorting the saints to preserve the peace. During these proceedings the bodies were secretly interred in some unknown spot, as it was commonly reported that certain parties in Missouri had offered a thousand dollars for the prophet's head.

My own feelings were now of a strange and complicated character. I had long since come to the conviction that Joseph Smith was utterly profligate and abandoned, and I was sure that, although unlawfully put to death, he was anything rather than a martyr. Still I clung to the idea that in earlier life he had been a channel of divine revelations, and I retained a strong persuasion that Mormonism, properly understood, was a saving doctrine. I thought that in permitting the death of Smith, Providence had removed a great obstacle to the advancement of the truth, and hoped that henceforth the system would appear in all its native purity, and that we should no longer be distressed by swindling transactions, and by the hateful doctrine respecting spiritual wives. Of one thing I had always been fully persuaded, namely, that polygamy is contrary to the Christian religion, as understood from the beginning. I felt confident that so monstrous an innovation would never be tolerated among us, and often quoted to my neighbours a passage of the Book of Mormon itself, which may be found in the sixth section of the second chapter of the book of Jacob[b]:—"Behold, thus saith the Lord, This people begin to wax in iniquity, they understand not the Scriptures, for they seek to excuse themselves because of the things which were written concerning David and Solomon his son. Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, *which thing was abominable before Me, saith the Lord.*" At all events, I determined not to leave the saints during their adversity; I therefore returned to my solitary home with the intention of proceeding with my industrial pursuits, so long as the Gentiles might be disposed to leave me unmolested.

In passing the residence of my late friend Brothers on my way home, I heard a voice in the desolate garden, and perceived the son of my friend standing by the three graves and pouring forth the emotions of his soul. "Now, dear father," he said, "you are avenged; now, dear mother and sister, I have faithfully discharged my vow, and, as far as lay in my power, have redressed your cruel wrongs. I have shed the heart's blood of him who ruined you, I have trampled under my feet the carcase of the accursed wretch to whom you owe your death.

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[b] Page 128 of the original American edition.

Farewell, ye silent remains of our once happy family. Farewell to this habitation of sorrow, farewell to this detested land, for ever and for ever. I flee to other regions, a fugitive, like Cain, and a vagabond henceforth upon the face of the earth."

So saying, he laid down his rifle and powder-horn upon his sister's grave, and, notwithstanding my attempts to detain him, was gone in an instant, and disappeared among the trees of the forest.

CHAPTER V.

Disappearance of Elder Bangs.—The Mormons recover their courage.—Brigham Young becomes President of the "Church."—Return of Elder Bangs.—A Change in his Manner.—A peaceable Interval in the Affairs of Mormonism.—Opposition renewed.—Commencement of the Mormon Exodus.—Completion of the Temple.—My Journey to the Rocky Mountains.—Settlement in the Valley of the Salt Lake.—Dr. Williams relates the early History of Joseph Smith, and departs to California.—Polygamy becomes the Law of Utah.—Conduct of Elder Bangs.—I flee from the Valley with my Daughter an Grandson.

On arriving at my habitation, I found my unhappy daughter seated alone in the front apartment, in a state of great distress and terror. Her husband had suddenly disappeared, and, notwithstanding his strict injunctions to the contrary, she had left the city during the confusion which prevailed at the time of the prophet's funeral, and had come out to spend a few hours, at least, with her affectionate father.

After she had become a little composed, she made me understand the truth of the statement in the "Expositor," which I had before only strongly suspected. Bangs had been indeed a confederate with the late prophet in secretly inculcating the doctrine of polygamy, and there was little doubt that his practice had been in conformity with his doctrine. His conduct to my daughter had often been cruel and outrageous, and her feelings had been sometimes so dreadfully wounded that she had apprehended the loss of her reason. She informed me that when the news of the prophet's death reached Elder Bangs, he exhibited symptoms of consternation not unlike those which he had shewn while floating upon the ice. He descended into a dark cellar, fastened himself up closely, and commanded his poor wife to remain in the front room, and to inform all comers that he had crossed the Mississippi into Iowa upon important business. But after he had remained about twenty-four hours in voluntary incarceration, finding that the Gentiles did not invade the town, he gradually recovered himself, and finally came forth from his place of concealment. He looked cautiously through the windows to see that no enemies were at hand, and then required his wife to prepare him an abundant repast, which he ate with considerable voracity, but without uttering more than a few monosyllables. My daughter conjectured from his manner and from other indications, that he was revolving in his mind whether he should utterly apostatize from the saints, and denounce them to the world as traitors and criminals, or whether he should make the best of his present position as a leading elder, and grasp at some new powers in the general disarrangement which might be expected to ensue upon the death of Joseph. Soon after midnight, having apparently arranged his plans, he took from his trunk a considerable sum of money and left the house, nor could my daughter form any conjecture as to the course which he had taken. We both concluded that he had judged it expedient to absent himself from Nauvoo until it should be seen either that the Mormons would be able to maintain their ground, or that it would be necessary for them to dissolve their community and abandon their position. We conjectured that in the former case we might see Elder Bangs again, but that if the latter event should unhappily prove to be the only alternative, we should know him hereafter only as an inveterate enemy of the unpopular and ruined party. In the meantime I determined that my daughter should remain at her paternal home, and I was greatly in hopes of being able to effect a separation, even if Bangs should again shew himself in Nauvoo.

At this crisis there were a few leading men among us who were able to act with energy, boldness, and decision. A proclamation was issued by them, calling upon the Mormons to be peaceable, and assuring them that when a sufficient number of the authorities could be collected together, the future course of the saints should be pointed out. At the same time the governor of the State was doing his best to allay excitement among the Gentiles, and before long we were informed that the people of Illinois in general, having been somewhat shocked by the unlawful murder of the Smiths, had manifested a conciliatory spirit, and that there was no immediate cause for alarm. Within three weeks after the death of the prophet an address was put forth by four of our elders, calling upon the saints throughout the world to humble themselves, and put away their sins and imperfections, and gather together at Nauvoo to build the temple of the Lord. For their further encouragement, a document was published in the name of the twelve apostles, assuring them that the slaughter of one, two, or a hundred leaders of the "Church," could not destroy an organization so perfect in itself, and declaring that the city of Nauvoo and the temple were yet to be built, according to the pattern which had been originally laid down by revelation. This document was signed by Brigham Young, one of our chief apostles, who had presented the Book of Mormon to the Queen of England, and who was destined to act a highly important part in our eventful history.

The great question now arose, upon the solution of which the fate of our community entirely depended, even if its mere discussion should not shake Mormonism to atoms. This was the question as to the successor of the prophet. Elder Rigdon, an old confederate of Joseph, strove to assume the vacant place, and declared that he had received a revelation commanding the saints to leave Nauvoo and to settle in Pennsylvania. Elder Young, on the contrary, maintained that Rigdon lied before God, and caused him to be tried by the twelve apostles, who found him guilty and excommunicated him. Brigham Young formally delivered him over to Satan in the name of the Lord, and all the people said "Amen." Young was then unanimously chosen to the chief presidency of the "Church," and the Mormons throughout the world acquiesced in the election.

I felt wonderfully encouraged by the turn which events had taken, and thought I saw the hand of the Lord in the whole of the proceedings. Many persons, who had joined us for their own selfish ends, had gone over to the ranks of the enemy as soon as we were in danger and trouble. The great bulk of the people of Nauvoo were sincere in their belief, and had repudiated the immoral doctrines and practices which had been attributed unjustly, as they supposed, to the deceased prophet. I greatly valued the society of many of the saints, among whom I had found not only intelligent companions but kind friends in my time of affliction. I thought Zion would now arise from the dust, that the true and pure doctrine would roll forth throughout the earth, and that the kingdoms of the world would speedily become the kingdom of Christ.

One evening, soon after Brigham Young's election, while my daughter and I were sitting under a peach-tree in my garden, congratulating one another on the promising course of affairs, we perceived a form approaching which we speedily recognised as that of Elder Bangs. He came up to us with the peculiarly bland and insinuating look which he could assume upon occasions, affectionately saluted his astonished wife, and warmly grasped my reluctant hand with unwonted expressions of kindness. Before I had time to collect words expressive of the indignation which his conduct had excited, he had succeeded in telling us the substance of his story. He had retired, he said, into a remote part of the wilderness, where for forty days he had been engaged in praying for the welfare of Zion. He rejoiced to know that his supplications had not been in vain, and that a new prophet had been raised up, who, he was convinced, would even surpass his predecessor. Joseph, he admitted, had sometimes been overcome by the evil one, inasmuch as Satan directed his entire strength against prophets. He himself also, he confessed with a sorrowful look, had been occasionally led astray by Joseph, while the latter was under the influence of the tempter. But a bright and glorious day was now about to dawn upon us all, and henceforth he, and all the brethren and sisters, would walk in the paths of perfect righteousness, and lead a life more angelic than human.

He said a great deal more to the same effect, and adapted his discourse so artfully to the present state of my own feelings, that, although not convinced of his sincerity, I gave way to him, and was willing to hope the best. My daughter evidently had great misgivings, but, trusting that hereafter her situation would be more tolerable than before, she waived them all, and consented to return with her husband to Nauvoo.

For more than half-a-year after this time our enemies appeared to be satisfied with the blow which they had inflicted, and we were again on the high-road to prosperity and power. Brigham Young carried on the building of the temple and other public edifices with great vigour and activity, not only that he might fulfil the prophecies of Joseph, but that he might convince the world of the energy and perseverance of the people over whom he now exercised supreme command. Persecution had made many converts to our religion, the population of Nauvoo had increased to fourteen thousand, and new emigrants were constantly pouring in from Europe, from British America, and from various parts of the United States. But as we grew in wealth and power, corruption again increased among us, together with pride and vain-glory. Several of our leaders publicly declared that the time was near at hand when not only the former possessions of the saints at the original Zion, in Missouri, would be recovered, but when all the land would be ours by divine right, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. These things aroused once more the slumbering jealousy of the Gentiles, and we began to perceive signs of an approaching persecution more violent than the last. Quarrels occurred which led to skirmishes and battles, in which several lives were lost. Many charges were accumulated against the Mormon authorities, some of which were probably groundless, while others had too much foundation in fact. At length, in the autumn of 1845, a meeting was assembled, consisting of delegates from the nine counties surrounding Nauvoo, in which it was agreed that we must be forcibly expelled from Illinois, if we could not otherwise be induced to emigrate.

Although the resolutions of this meeting were utterly illegal, we knew that, in the present state of public opinion, they would undoubtedly be executed, unless we could defend ourselves by military force. We saw that while we continued to inhabit Nauvoo and its neighbourhood, we must live in a perpetual state of siege and of alarm. Accordingly, after long and anxious deliberation, our leaders came to a decision that our exit from the States was the only alternative remaining to us, if we would remain united as a people, and enjoy in peace the fruits of our industry. We accordingly resolved to emigrate, and to seek amidst the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, that freedom which was denied us by the commonwealths of the West.

This decision was announced to the saints throughout the world by an epistle dated Jan. 20, 1846. Our resolution was also communicated to our enemies, who agreed to allow us time to sell our property, on condition that we should leave Nauvoo and its neighbourhood before the following summer. I took the first opportunity of selling my house and land, which I disposed of to a Gentile in Montrose for about one third of its actual value. Few of my neighbours were as fortunate in this particular as myself, for many did not obtain a tenth, and others were compelled to give up every thing without the slightest remuneration. We were constantly harassed by mobs, who burned many houses, and carried off a quantity of grain and cattle. Before the termination of the winter our "exodus" commenced, and we began that extraordinary journey through thirteen hundred miles of wilderness, which will compare with the most remarkable historical events in ancient or in modern times.

Sixteen hundred men, women, and children, left their homes at Nauvoo, and crossed the Mississippi upon the ice on the 3rd of February, 1846, with the hope of reaching the new place of settlement in time to prepare for the reception of the main body in the ensuing autumn. But severe cold and the want of necessary provisions brought on various diseases, and multitudes of them perished in the desert. Five hundred of the strongest men of the party volunteered into the American army, then engaged in the war with Mexico, and having been conveyed across the continent at the expense of the government, rejoined their brethren among the Rocky Mountains when their services in a military capacity were no longer required. The remaining survivors of the first detachment of emigrants encamped on the banks of the Missouri, in the expectation of being joined, in the course of the summer and autumn, by successive parties from Nauvoo. Elder

Bangs was now a highly influential personage, and departed at the close of the winter with his wife and property on the road to the far West. He was fortunate enough to possess three new waggons, drawn by powerful horses, and supplied with more than the ordinary amount of comfort for the journey. I remained with a number of the saints in Nauvoo, that I might be a witness of the concluding ceremonies respecting the temple.

Although we were fully aware that the city, to all intents and purposes, was in the hands of our enemies, we determined to finish our sacred edifice, and thus fulfil the predictions which our prophet and seers had uttered. Throughout the early spring we persevered in our work, notwithstanding the constant departure of companies of our citizens on their journey westward. Our exertions stimulated the jealousy of our enemies, who imagined they beheld in them an indication of a design to remain permanently in our "holy city." We continued our labour amidst frequent alarms and attacks, and in the month of May all was complete. Some of our principal men returned from their encampment in the wilderness, to be present at the consecration, which we celebrated with all the pomp and solemnity in our power. The building had cost us not less than half-a-million of dollars, and we rejoiced amid our sorrows, to see the work of our own hands at length brought to a conclusion. For one day our temple stood resplendent, as a friendly historian has remarked, in all its typical glories of sun, moon, and stars, and other abounding figured and lettered signs and symbols, but for that day only. The rites of consecration having closed, the removal of what was deemed sacred proceeded with the rapidity of magic. It went on through the night, and when the morning of the next day dawned, all the ornaments and furniture—everything, in short, that could provoke a sneer—had been carried off, and the building was dismantled to the bare walls.

Upon this day I took my departure, together with the largest company which had yet removed in one mass. Many of our people remained in Nauvoo until September, when, after suffering severely from the tyranny of their opponents, they were finally driven out on the 17th day of the month, by an army of sixteen hundred and twenty-five Gentiles, who entered and took possession of the half-ruined city.

The party with whom I set out in the month of May had great advantage over the others, not only in point of numbers, but in the season of the year when we commenced our journey. We entered into the most solemn resolutions to sustain one another upon our pilgrimage, whatever circumstances of difficulty or danger might occur. A system was ultimately arranged and laid down for the order of march, for closing up when required to meet an attack, for securing our cattle when on the halt, and for setting our watches to guard the camp at night. We had more than a thousand waggons conveying women, children, aged and infirm persons, and property of various kinds. Every ten of these were placed under the care of a captain; the captain of ten obeyed a captain of fifty, who in turn obeyed a member of the "high council of the Church."

After spending a considerable time in crossing the Mississippi in flat boats, we commenced our journey over the prairies of Iowa. As we slowly ascended successive eminences we obtained prospects more and more distant of Nauvoo, the temple, and our deserted homes. At length the holy city finally disappeared from view. The elder portion of our community wept and shook their heads in silence, but the younger, animated by a spirit of enterprise and enthusiasm, rejoiced in the belief that they were about to found a colony in the remote West infinitely superior to that which they had now abandoned to the Gentiles.

We directed our course through Iowa at a considerable distance to the north of our old enemies in Missouri. Day after day the astonished natives beheld us passing westward like an endless procession. At length, after journeying about three hundred miles, we arrived in sight of the river Missouri, and joined a remnant of our brethren who had left Nauvoo in February. Here I met with Elder Bangs and my daughter, and another relative in the shape of a little grandson three weeks old. During our passage through the wilderness we had sustained ourselves, in a great measure, by the produce of the fields of Indian corn which those who preceded us had planted in such situations as were available for the purpose. This corn was to us what manna was to the Israelites in the deserts of Arabia. The same system was preserved throughout our march with reference to the companies which followed, and thus a large amount of suffering and death was prevented. The greater part of us wintered at Council Bluffs, near the Missouri, which we regarded as a kind of rendezvous on our long journey towards the Pacific.

Here we were joined by a portion of the unhappy fugitives who were driven out of Nauvoo in September. We soon built about seven hundred rude dwellings, though, when the winter set in, many of us were compelled to dig caves in the ground, and to huddle together to obtain a portion of warmth. Many of our people had spent a great part of the summer and autumn in cutting and laying up hay for the cattle, but, notwithstanding this supply, many of our animals died from starvation. A considerable number of the saints also perished from hardship, and from a destructive fever which attacked us in the autumn.

At length the spring of 1847 set in, and our misery was in a great degree relieved. Little more than three thousand persons were now assembled, out of the twenty thousand who had formed the population of Nauvoo and its vicinity. Three of our council took their departure for England, to set the affairs of Mormonism in order, and to make arrangements for carrying on the business of emigration. On the 14th of April, the remainder of the council, together with a hundred and forty-three pioneers, including myself, went forward to the West in search of a suitable place for the final settlement of our community. We had seventy waggons drawn by our best horses, and we relied on our rifles to supply us with provisions by the way.

After travelling about seven hundred miles, we came in sight of the majestic summits of the Rocky Mountains, among which we hoped to find peace and safety. Entering into the elevated region, we found ourselves in the rugged Utah range, through which we sometimes followed the stony bed of torrents, and sometimes cut our way through heavy timber or entangled thickets. Finally, in the latter part of July, we arrived at the Great Basin, having accomplished a journey from Council Bluffs of about a thousand miles. At the end of a long defile, we came abruptly out of a dark pass into an extensive valley, a hundred miles long and fifteen or twenty in breadth. This valley, although very bare of trees, appeared beautiful in comparison with the desert. At the east was a lofty range of mountains capped with perpetual snow. On the south lay the Salt Lake, a great inland sea with hilly islands, and with shores bordered by wide and grassy plains. Here we decided that the saints should take up their habitation. In this happy valley, as we deemed it, we should acquire another Land of Canaan after our perils in the wilderness.

We even found, on a closer inspection, that the geographical features of the country were not unlike those of the literal Palestine. Here was another lake of Galilee; here too was another Jordan; while the Great Salt Lake, absorbing the chalky waters of the river, was an exact counterpart of the Dead Sea.

We at once brought into cultivation an extensive tract of land, from which we obtained a harvest in the autumn. We also laid out a site for a city, in which we built a fort and reserved a spacious block of ground for a temple.

In the autumn, a large party of the saints arrived, with five hundred and sixty-six waggons and great quantities of grain for seed. In 1848 we were joined by nearly all the remaining members of our community, and our collective numbers amounted to about four thousand, after frightful losses produced by death and other causes. Our commonwealth was organized under Brigham Young, our spiritual head, who was appointed in 1850, by the President of the United States, governor of the new territory of Utah.

Although our first settlement was attended with many hardships, our system of organization played its part to admiration. We erected our city, apportioned our lands, cultivated a vast extent of soil, irrigated dry places by help of the mountain streams, constructed bridges and mills, established manufactories of different kinds, settled towns and villages, and founded a temple and university in our capital. Before long the tide of Mormon emigration from England began to set in, and in two or three years we considered that in every respect we had gained more than we had lost at Nauvoo. We estimated that, at all events, before the year 1860 our population would amount to 60,000, and would entitle us to claim admission to the American Union, as a sovereign state of the confederacy.

Elder Bangs was a great man, both in a civil and ecclesiastical capacity, and lived in constant intercourse with our new prophet, now our lawful governor. My daughter sometimes wept in silence and shook her head in speaking of him; but her little son was a source of hope and consolation, and she supported herself better than might have been expected. My own residence was within a mile of the new temple, and I employed myself with the charge of an extensive garden, from which I supplied the market with a profusion of fine vegetables and delicious fruits. I had grapes like those of Eshcol, apples and peaches of exquisite flavour, and melons of such dimensions that I purposely abstain from saying more on the subject, lest the English reader should tax me with wilful exaggeration. I will, however, venture to mention that an acre of my ground produced nearly ten quarters of wheat, and that a hundred seed-potatoes realized a crop of fifty bushels. In temporal concerns I might have considered myself fortunate, but religious difficulties were now gathering around my head, and depriving me of my peace. Intercourse with the world had sharpened my understanding, and I was no longer the easy and credulous person I had shewn myself at Pillington, and during the earlier part of my residence at Nauvoo. While I saw that the Mormons had hit upon various social arrangements which in many respects were conducive to their temporal prosperity, I began to apprehend that the religious element of the system was grievously defective, and that its very foundation was open to serious objections. The older members of our community retained much of their early enthusiasm connected with the golden plates and the Book of Mormon. But with the younger ones these matters were held in little esteem. There was a manifest increase of worldliness and profanity, and I had the best reasons for believing that many prominent saints among us had inwardly renounced, not only the doctrines of Joseph Smith, but all religion whatever. In the sermons delivered to us on public occasions, very little was ever said on such subjects as self-examination, contrition, or secret prayer; but a great deal about money-making, improvements of land, and local politics. The very life and spring of devotion seemed to be wanting, and that too among a people who claimed to be pre-eminently the favoured and the chosen of God. Our congregational music partook of the same earthly character as the rest of our "worship," and we praised our material god in lively waltzes, military marches, and fashionable polkas. The sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit seemed to be as little expected in our assemblies as in the Jewish synagogue at Liverpool, which I had visited on the Saturday before our vessel sailed. I was, indeed, bitterly disappointed in my hope of an increase of true religion among us after the death of the profligate Smith. But this was not all. There were many indications, soon after our establishment in Utah, of an approaching revival of the detested system of "spiritual wives," under the form of undisguised polygamy. The doctrines of our leading men were also developing themselves into something exceedingly different from my original conceptions of the Latter-day religion. I was told that when the temple should be completed, animal sacrifices would be offered by the priesthood, as at the ancient Jerusalem, and that the Lord would be praised in dances, as in the times of old. We were taught that there were gods innumerable, with different degrees of divinity and power, and that the God of the Bible was only an inferior Deity; in fact, merely a superior kind of man. It was often asserted on the platform, that the only thing which has existed from all eternity is matter. From hence many Mormons drew the practical conclusion that *all things were god*,—a conclusion which seemed to me to amount to the same thing as denying the existence of any God at all.

While painfully distressed with my own doubts and ignorance, events occurred which, through Divine Providence, furnished me with a clue to escape from the entanglements in which I had involved myself. A party of travellers from the east, on their way to California, arrived among us in the middle of the summer, half-dead with the fatigue and misery attendant on an overland journey from St. Louis of more than twelve hundred miles. They were evidently persons of education, and many of the Mormons did their best to shew them kindness and hospitality. One of their number, a Dr. Williams, became my guest, and remained with me for more than a month. When he was able to look around him, I shewed him something of the neighbourhood. I took him to the new temple, then surrounded with scaffolding; I pointed out to him the situation of our most productive land; I gave him a bath in our hot sulphur springs; I led him down to the Salt Lake and its heavy waters glittering in the sun with saline crystals. By the help of a map lately executed by a Mormon surveyor, I indicated to him the situation of our settlements, already extending through above a hundred miles. I explained our political arrangements, and, in reply to his enquiries, made a few statements relative to our religion.

The Doctor looked grave, and after a short silence proceeded to tell me that, if I would not take it amiss, he had it in his power to give me some particulars as to the early origin of Mormonism, with which perhaps, as an Englishman, I was not altogether acquainted. I expressed an eager desire to hear him, and he proceeded as follows:—

"I am a native of Vermont, but more recently I have lived in the town of Palmyra, in the western part of New York, where, in fact, I commenced my practice as a physician. Here I accidentally became acquainted with Joseph Smith, your late prophet, and learned various particulars respecting his family; not because I was particularly interested in them, but from the accidental circumstance of their having emigrated, about the year 1815, from my own former neighbourhood in Vermont. At the time when I first met with them near Palmyra, they were living in wretched poverty, and, in fact, were hardly superior to common vagrants. The father, old Joseph Smith, was an irreligious and drunken fellow, and the mother was little better than her husband. There were seven children; and when I first met with your prophet, in 1825, he was about twenty years of age, and notorious, like others of his family, as a *money-digger*, and withal as a drunken, lying, and dissipated young profligate. His father used to say that Joseph had power to look into the depths of the earth, and to discover where money was concealed, by means of a curious stone which had accidentally come into his possession. Many credulous persons hired him to make excavations, but I never heard that anything really valuable was ever discovered by him. Joseph, or Joe, as he was commonly called, managed very early to become a proficient in the art of imposing on simplicity, and cheating became to him, by practice, a kind of second nature.

"I must now go back a little in the order of time.

A person named Spaulding, living in Ohio, had written a dull and foolish sort of romance, about the year 1812, professing to give an account of the origin of the American Indians, and of the natives by whom the ancient mounds and camps, scattered over this continent, were constructed. Having finished his manuscript, he endeavoured to get it printed, but no publisher would undertake the work, and Spaulding soon afterwards died, an unfortunate and disappointed man. The neglected manuscript remained for years in the office of a printer in Pittsburgh, where various people had access to it from time to time, since it was regarded as little more than a bundle of waste paper. There is some reason to believe that Elder Rigdon, whom doubtless you have seen at Nauvoo, fell in with it about this period; and it is certain that Rigdon was an accomplice with Smith in the very infancy of Mormonism. At all events, by some means or other, Smith became acquainted with the manuscript, and either borrowed from it the idea of the Book of Mormon, or (which is more probable) employed, to a great extent, the actual narrative of Spaulding in compiling that ridiculous work. In 1830, one Grandin, a printer at Palmyra, with whom I was well acquainted, published the first edition of the Book of Mormon, purporting to be "By Joseph Smith, junior, Author and Proprietor." Five thousand copies were executed by Grandin, as he himself told me, for the sum of three thousand dollars. This money was supplied by one Martin Harris, a farmer, who had acted as Smith's amanuensis, and on whose credulity as well as avarice the prophet had operated with effect.

"In order to make the book sell, Joseph told a story similar to what you have doubtless heard him tell at Nauvoo, and which he concocted while preparing his manuscript for the press. He declared that an angel had directed him to dig in a hill, from which he disinterred a book of golden plates with inscriptions, which he was supernaturally enabled to translate into English. Two other persons, Cowdery and Whitmer, were afterwards engaged in the scheme, who, together with Harris, actually signed a certificate, appended, as you know, to the Book of Mormon, in which they declared that an angel of God had descended from heaven, and laid before their eyes the golden plates with the mystic engravings. Although Smith had originally declared that it was revealed to him, that only the above three persons were to behold the precious book, the certificates of eight others, to the same effect, were afterwards annexed. These supplementary eight were the prophet's unprincipled father, two of his brothers, Hyrum and Samuel, and four brothers of the Whitmer who signed the original certificate. All of the eleven were deeply interested in the success of the imposture, and expected to make their fortune by it. Five of them, as you are probably aware, including Hyrum and Samuel Smith, have died in the profession of Mormonism; but all the rest, including even Martin

Harris himself, have abandoned the sect, and become its avowed enemies.

"On the 6th of April, 1830, the first Mormon congregation was founded at Manchester, not far from Palmyra. It consisted at first of only six persons, viz. the prophet, his father, and his two brothers named above, Oliver Cowdery, and Joseph Knight. These men began to propagate their religion, in the first instance, as a means of selling their book, making truth entirely subordinate to the love of gain. In Manchester and Palmyra, where their characters were only too well known, they found it impossible to gather any number of converts. But, by adopting a system of itinerancy, they had sold several hundred books, and made about eighty dupes, before the following October. Smith's ideas expanded in proportion to his success, and he now appeared, not merely as a book-pedlar and a translator of a revelation, but as an inspired prophet himself. In your 'Book of Doctrine and Covenants' you will find, that among his first revelations were those which command his disciples to build him a house, and 'to provide him with food and raiment, and whatsoever he needeth.'

"In the autumn of 1830, four of Smith's emissaries began to preach at Kirtland, in Ohio, where they were openly joined by Elder Rigdon and many of his flock, whom he had collected while a Baptist preacher. Rigdon was a much abler man than Joseph, and Mormonism, as you knew it in Nauvoo, began to take a definite shape. In January 1831, Smith and his family, with a number of proselytes, removed to Kirtland, which for some time was the centre of Mormon operations.

"The new religion now advanced with wonderful rapidity, and many causes, some of which originated in the religious world around, gave it an impulse, the force of which could scarcely have been anticipated. Emissaries went out to the West, where they formed a settlement at Independence, in Missouri, while congregations were being gathered in various parts of the United States and Canada. In 1835 the first temple was completed at Kirtland, though the settlement in Missouri was declared to be the true Zion, at which the faithful were to congregate. In 1837 your late prophet established himself at the head of a bank in Kirtland, Elder Rigdon being the cashier, in connexion with which he issued a vast quantity of paper-money, which his elders throughout the country managed to put in circulation. The bank, a thoroughly fraudulent concern, soon broke down, and Smith decamped to Missouri, in order to escape the vengeance of the law. Several of his elders proceeded to England, and I need not describe to you the disgraceful success which in that country accompanied their preaching.

"The settlement at Independence, in Missouri, had sustained terrible reverses when the prophet arrived in the West. The Mormons, as they became strong in numbers, declared that the Lord had given them the whole surrounding country for their inheritance, and that the Gentile settlers ought to be treated as Canaanites, and dispossessed. Their unbelieving neighbours had risen against them in self-defence, and had driven them out of the country in which they had originally settled. But having fled to Clay county, on the north of the Missouri, they had again settled themselves, and had brought a quantity of rich land under cultivation.

"The prophet's arrival with a number of adherents rekindled the hopes of the Mormons in Missouri, who, thinking themselves a match for their enemies, began to renew their former boastings and arrogant claims. Joseph declared publicly that he would yet 'tread down his enemies and trample on their dead bodies,' and that he 'would be a Mahomet to this generation.' The result was seen in the persecution which, no doubt, you so frequently heard of at Nauvoo, and the final expulsion of the saints from the State of Missouri.

"A similar calamity has befallen you in your late settlement in Illinois, and you now find yourselves established in this valley of the Salt Lake, where for the present you enjoy uninterrupted peace. But the same causes will produce the same effects, and the time will come when the old feud between Mormons and Gentiles will be renewed more fiercely than ever, unless Mormonism, in the meanwhile, should essentially change its character. Regarded simply as a scheme of social organization, amounting almost to a pure monarchy, though with republican forms, I see much in your system which is worthy of attention and study. But when I view it as a religion, knowing what I do respecting its founder and its early history, I want words to express my sense of the infamy of the imposture. If Joseph Smith was a deceiver, and not a true prophet of God, Mormonism is, of course, a false religion, even though it may ingeniously and cunningly interweave itself with social and moral theories containing more or less of abstract truth."

I knew too much of Smith to be able to defend his character for honesty, and it was obvious that the same roguery, impudence, and dexterity, which I myself had witnessed in him, were fully capable of giving currency to almost any deception which could be imagined. But Dr. Williams now proceeded to analyse the Book of Mormon in a way which was altogether new to me, although I had already painfully experienced its inability to give consolation. He pointed out its discrepancies, inconsistencies, and anachronisms. He spoke of the dull uniformity of style and sentiment, which proved it to be on the whole the production of a single pen, and not, as it professed to be, the work of different prophets in different ages. He then alluded to the tales of Mormon miracles, shewed the probably fictitious character of most of them, and reminded me that the working of miracles is one of the marks of antichrist. He exhibited the utter irrelevancy of most of the texts in Holy Scripture by which the Mormon preachers usually endeavour to sustain their pretensions, and finally concluded by urgently advising me, as a friend, to quit the Mormon community at any sacrifice, and to flee from the Salt Lake as Lot fled from Sodom.

The words of my new friend so thoroughly harmonised with the general course of my own recent meditations, that I did not pretend to offer any apology for the belief which had so long enchained me. I thanked him very sincerely for his kind interest in my behalf, and parted from him with reluctance a few days afterwards, when he proceeded with his companions to California.

While I was revolving the subject of Mormonism in my mind, with a strong impression that my cogitations must inevitably lead to my secession, my daughter came to me with her child one evening, in the greatest possible distress. She assured me that her husband had been that day married to another wife, in the presence of our supreme head and of several other dignitaries, and that he had announced to her his intention of multiplying his wives after the manner of Solomon. I was filled with anger and indignation, and at once proceeded to the house of Elder Bangs to call him to account. He received me with cool impudence; and when I reminded him that polygamy was not only forbidden by the Christian religion, but that it was denounced in the strongest terms by the Book of Mormon itself, he assured me with a bland smile that the ancient Scriptures, as well as the Book of Mormon, were now, comparatively speaking, out of date.

He went on to say that *one* living and speaking prophet was worth a cart-load of dead and dumb books, assured me that polygamy was now the recognised and established system in the valley of the Salt Lake, and proposed to accompany me to Brigham Young, if I had the slightest doubt upon the subject. While he was speaking, Young himself entered the apartment, and on being appealed to by Bangs, informed me that for some time polygamy had been practised with his own express sanction, in accordance with a divine revelation. He himself had a dozen wives, he said; and he added, that he would advise me to put aside my melancholy widowership, and to take several new companions in place of the one whom I had lost. He then produced a printed document, purporting to be a revelation in favour of this system, which, he said, had been communicated by the Almighty to Joseph Smith, with the view of removing his wife's objections. It contained these words:—"Let Mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those who have been given unto My servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before Me." Governor Young assured me that, although this revelation had been concealed for many years, on account of prudential reasons, it was now about to be published to the saints throughout the globe, and would henceforth be the rule of their conduct.

I did not utter another word, but leaving Bangs with our supreme ruler, I returned speedily to my residence. "Sarah, my dear daughter," I said, "your information is only too true. Our prophets have at last thrown their own Book of Mormon overboard, like the New Testament before it. I perceive that Mormonism is a trick of the devil to swindle people by degrees out of every atom of their religion. We have nothing more to do in this accursed place. We must depart and take your child with us, before any measures can be employed to intercept us, or to prevent your escape. And now farewell to Mormonism. Farewell to the material god of Utah, as false an idol as Baalzebub the god of Ekron, or Dagon the abomination of the Philistines. Farewell to the delusion which has so long held me a miserable captive. Henceforth, with the help of the God of Christians, I will be free."

So saying, I took the Book of Mormon, the Book of Covenants, the several volumes of the Times and Seasons, Parley Pratt's Voice of Warning, and other Mormon books and pamphlets, too numerous to mention, which had accumulated on my shelves for years. I raised with them, in my garden, a great pyramid of heresy and imposture, to which I applied a lucifer-match, and in a few minutes the whole mass was reduced to ashes and scattered to the winds. I took all the ready money I possessed, and placed my daughter and her child in my two-horse waggon, together with some tools, garden seeds, clothing, gunpowder, and other portable articles which were likely to be of service. When the moon rose over the mountains, I drove out of the city, and giving up my house, my garden, and my furniture to any one who might choose to appropriate them, I felt a great load removed from my mind as I took the way to California.

CHAPTER VI.

Pursuit by Elder Bangs.—His Death.—Journey through the Wilderness.—We take up our Abode in a Cave.—Cultivation of the Soil.—Consolations of Religion.—Discovery of Gold.—Interview with the Bishop of California.—Restoration to the Church.—Removal from the Cave.—Dr. Williams and Mr. Crawford reappear. News from Elder Smart.—Happy Intelligence from England.—Conclusion.

When the sun arose, I halted upon a lofty eminence, to rest my jaded horses, and to supply them with such food as the rank herbage was capable of supplying. Looking backwards towards the north, I beheld the valley of the Salt Lake, as Abraham beheld the valley of the Jordan from the elevated plains of Mamre. I saw the city from which I had escaped, and the fertile fields and thriving settlements of the Mormons extending along the coast of the lake, while the mountains of the north were reflected in their every feature upon the glassy surface of the tranquil waters. I felt unspeakable thankfulness for my deliverance from the spell which had bound me during so many years, and at the same time I sincerely pitied the multitudes of deluded persons who remained under the sway of the unprincipled leaders who governed them "in the name of the Lord." I foresaw that the load of error imposed upon them, unless promptly thrown off, must ultimately destroy every spark of true devotion, and obliterate even the natural distinctions between right and wrong. As generation succeeds to generation, mere secularism, I thought, must gain the complete ascendancy among them, and along with it a prevailing profligacy of morals and of manners. The boasted industry of the "saints" must then perish; their civilization, such as it is, must give place to barbarism, and the hateful tendency of Joseph Smith's "revelations" will be seen in their dismal and desolating consequences.

While my daughter and her little son reposed on the grass, I took my rifle and speedily obtained some game, which supplied us with an excellent repast. In the cool of the evening we again proceeded on our road, which was in some places very difficult, by reason of the height of the mountains and the rocky nature of the soil. Thus we advanced for more than a week, travelling on the whole towards the west south-west, and scarcely making more than twelve or fourteen miles a-day. One evening we arrived on the bank of a small stream, where we encamped, in our usual manner, for the night. After sleeping under the covering of the waggon, I obtained a fresh supply of game soon after sunrise, and my daughter and her child collected a quantity of dried wood and lighted a fire, in order to prepare our morning meal.

But before we had time to enter upon our culinary operations, a furious storm commenced, which extinguished our fire, and drove us for shelter beneath the covering of the waggon. The thunder and lightning were fearful in the extreme, the wind howled in fitful gusts, the rain descended in cataracts, and the few trees near the watercourse bent like willows before the blast. After the tempest had continued about two hours it suddenly ceased, and I perceived that the waters of the stream had swollen very considerably and were still rising. Fearing to be detained by the flood, I got my horses at once in readiness, and was about to ford the turbid torrent. At this moment my grandson directed my attention to three horsemen who were scouring over the plain towards us, by the road which we had already travelled. I felt convinced that we were pursued, and at once perceived the importance of placing the stream between myself and the enemy. I drove the waggon down the bank, notwithstanding the instinctive reluctance of the horses, who saw the danger of the attempt. The next moment my two powerful animals were pawing and struggling in the current, while the water rose above the wheels, and we were ourselves half submerged as we sat within the waggon. My daughter uttered a loud cry to Heaven for protection, and never was such a cry more necessary. It was almost by a miracle that we gained the opposite bank, since it was evident that the horses had lost their footing, and had dragged us over by mere force of swimming. Great was our thankfulness when we perceived that they had touched the ground, and after we had fairly landed on the opposite bank, we threw ourselves on our knees and blessed the Almighty for our preservation.

In about five minutes afterwards our pursuers reached the opposite bank, and I distinguished Elder Bangs and two other eminent members of the Mormon hierarchy. The Elder was highly excited, and made most furious gestures when he came in sight of the objects of his vengeance. The three horsemen rode down to the water with the object of fording it, and at the same time I loaded my rifle and pistols in expectation of a terrible encounter. But scarcely had our enemies entered the stream, when a sudden swell of the current carried their horses off their feet, and in the next moment men and quadrupeds were entangled among rapid whirlpools, hurrying them towards a cataract which I heard roaring at a short distance below. Two of the riders, with extreme difficulty, managed to regain the bank on the same side from which they had departed, though far below the usual fording place. But Elder Bangs was separated from his horse, and being unable to swim, his fate was all but certain. I ran along the bank endeavouring to keep him in sight, and hoping, even now, that I might rescue him, and possibly be the means of saving his wretched soul from destruction. But my hopes were vain. For an instant I saw his face turned towards me, with an expression of horror too dreadful to think of. In a few more seconds he was swept over the waterfall, and after being dashed on several successive ledges of rock, was lost in a frightful abyss which yawned below.

On returning to the waggon I found my daughter in a fainting fit, resulting from excitement and terror, and her little boy lying on her bosom in an agony of distress. After a few minutes Sarah came to herself, and learned that she was a widow. The child expressed his lively joy on observing his mother's restoration to consciousness, but seemed entirely unmoved by the catastrophe which had befallen his wretched father. Meantime the two confederates of the deceased, having recovered the three horses, remained for a few moments as if in deliberation. They then mounted their steeds, and leading that of Elder Bangs by the bridle, quietly retraced their road towards the Salt Lake and disappeared from view.

In the course of the afternoon we proceeded on our journey to the westward, and the warm sun, which shone forth after the storm, soon dried our clothes, and exhaled the superfluous moisture from the road. Thus we continued travelling over a vast plain at the rate of about twenty miles a-day, and sustaining ourselves in a great measure by the produce of my trusty rifle. Wonderful to relate, we met with no Indians, nor indeed with any painful adventure after the passage of the river. After about five weeks, emerging from a difficult pass among romantic mountains, I found by certain geographical marks which had been described to me, that we had already been some days in California. My daughter was very weak from fatigue and agitation, and my faithful horses were overcome with protracted labour in dragging us over roads which were almost, or rather altogether, in a state of nature. Accordingly I resolved on discovering some quiet nook aside from the general route of travellers, where we might remain and recruit ourselves, before deciding on our future arrangements.

After spending a day in exploring the neighbourhood, I lighted upon a spot which seemed to have been contrived with a view to our own special requirements. At about a quarter of a mile north of the track, there was an extremely narrow ravine between two steep mountains, through which a small stream wound its unobtrusive course. Ascending the ravine a few hundred yards, I came to a place where it suddenly terminated in a circular meadow of perhaps twenty acres, surrounded on all sides by almost perpendicular rocks, excepting where the ravine afforded a means of access. A powerful spring gushing forth at the centre of this meadow formed the stream which I had already traced. In the rocks on the west side was a natural cave, opening at the height of several feet above the surface of the soil, and penetrating about twenty yards into the solid rock, with an elevation of eight or ten feet throughout.

To this spot I brought my waggon, having driven it with some difficulty along the narrow bed of the stream. I turned the horses loose in the meadow, and placed my few goods in the innermost recesses of our new habitation. We spent several hours in sweeping and cleansing the cave throughout; we divided it into two apartments by spreading out the cover of the waggon, and before sunset we had the gratification of finding ourselves again at home, without the apprehension of being troubled by intruders or dunned by a landlord.

After a refreshing sleep in this cool and dry abode, I rose early in the morning and proceeded to work. With my axe I cut down a few young trees, and soon constructed a rude gate, which I placed at the inner entrance of the glen, in order to prevent my horses from going astray. I took the pole of my waggon, attached a crooked stick to it, and constructed a rude and primitive kind of plough. The following day I harnessed my horses to this strange instrument, and before the end of my first week had roughly turned up the sod on about two or three acres of exceedingly productive ground. Though the season was late, I felt no hesitation in planting this field with all the Indian corn which remained in my possession. I also prepared a small garden, in which I sowed about half-a-bushel of potatoes, and a quantity of the seeds which I had hastily collected before leaving my habitation near the Salt

Lake. I then constructed a stable, and thatched it overhead and all around with long prairie grass, which I cut with my scythe. In the meanwhile, at intervals, I employed myself with my rifle, and seldom returned to the cave without a good supply of game. I built a sort of kitchen near the entrance of our habitation, and made a chimney with great stones against the side of the rock. In view of the approach of the cold winter, I next erected a wall which entirely closed up the mouth of the cave, excepting two apertures which I reserved for an entrance and a window. I made a door by interweaving sticks and branches with grass, somewhat in the manner of a hurdle. My window, for want of glass, was nothing more than a square piece of calico, stretched upon a frame of straight sticks. I filled up all the interstices of my wall with an adhesive kind of mud which I collected by the side of the spring.

I now confined my horses chiefly to the stable, and fed them with coarse hay, of which I laid in a considerable supply. I cut a quantity of firewood on the sides of the mountains, and piled it up in a situation near the cave. Scarcely were these necessary operations completed, before the nights became frosty, and other indications of winter manifested themselves. My grain was now ripe, and with the help of my daughter and the little boy I gathered in a considerable crop, amounting to more than a hundred bushels. I stowed away a great portion of this in the inner part of the cave, and placed the remainder in the stable, where it supplied my faithful quadrupeds with a large portion of their nourishment for many months. My potatoes also had multiplied enormously, and, in fact, all my winter stores were ample, so far as regarded the necessaries of life. Luxuries of course were wholly out of the question, unless venison, and occasionally the flesh of a bear or a buffalo, are to be regarded as coming under that designation.

At length the winter set in, and the cold became severe. We now experienced the advantage of living in a cave, in which we found shelter and warmth combined. I contrived a lamp, which I provided with a cotton wick and supplied with bear's grease. The skins of the animals which I killed provided us with a comfortable covering during the night, and the produce of a neighbouring salt-spring enabled me to cure a quantity of meat. I had learned among the Mormons a great variety of expedients which I should never have imagined in England, and I began to think my present mode of life not only tolerable but decidedly attractive. We recovered our cheerfulness and peace of mind, and I am thankful also to say that we experienced some of the consolations of true religion. I had carefully preserved a small pocket Bible, which belonged to my deceased wife, and in the course of the winter we read it through from beginning to end, and perceived the connexion of many great truths in a way which we had never before noticed. My grandson was now in the seventh year of his age, and during the cold season he learned to read with considerable accuracy and propriety. Unfortunately I had no ink, but I taught the little fellow to write by spreading sand on the floor of the cave, upon which he marked the characters with his fore-finger. I rejoiced to perceive that, although his name was unfortunately Bangs, his countenance and disposition were evidently derived from his mother.

Early in the following spring I began to think of proceeding towards the inhabited parts of California, since, notwithstanding the attachment which I had formed for my cave and meadow, I did not consider such a residence altogether suited to my daughter and her child. But one morning the little boy, returning as usual from the spring with a can of water, brought in one hand a lump of a shining substance, which had attracted his attention as it lay in the bed of the stream. I took it between my fingers, felt its weight, and at once perceived it to be a piece of native gold. I immediately gave up all thought of proceeding westward at present, and determined to avail myself of the new discovery thus opportunely thrown in my way.

I knew, however, that we could not eat the precious metal, and accordingly I devoted a portion of every day to the cultivation of the soil, and went out for game, as usual, several times in the week. Meantime the search of gold proceeded with astonishing success. I contrived a cradle for washing the deposits of the stream, according to a description which I had heard from a Mormon who had met with great fortune at the first diggings in California. My daughter and grandson assisted me in turn, according to their strength, and the result far exceeded our most sanguine anticipations. Sometimes we discovered lumps of nearly a pound weight, like those which in Australia are denominated nuggets. But generally speaking the gold was in the form of dust, or rather in particles about as large as mustard-seeds. In the course of two months I estimated that all my pecuniary losses had been more than retrieved. I laid apart a heap of nuggets which I considered equal in value to my paternal estate at Pillington. Two parcels of gold-dust were in like manner a compensation for my property at Nauvoo, and for the house and garden which I had abandoned at the Salt Lake. Nor did there yet appear any considerable diminution in the average amount of our findings, although I was obliged to dig somewhat deeper, and to labour more severely than at first. Thinking an attack by Indians or other enemies not an impossible event, I deposited my store of precious metal in a cavity in the rock, which I denominated my bank, and where it accumulated without the help of usury or stock-jobbing.

The summer and autumn passed over, and I was now, comparatively speaking, a rich man. My field and garden had brought forth plentifully, and by little and little a variety of comforts had grown up around us. The winter again set in, and we found ourselves far better prepared to meet the cold weather than before. I made up my mind, however, to remain no longer than the following summer, but to leave our peaceful nook, and to enter again into the society of my fellow-men.

During the spring, I was one day engaged with my rifle outside the ravine, and near the road by which we had taken our weary way from the Salt Lake. Suddenly I perceived a single traveller on horseback, who approached the spot where I was standing, and at once entered into conversation with me. It was easy to perceive that he was a gentleman of polished manners and agreeable address, and I was at a loss to conjecture what could have brought such a person into this remote and uninhabited region. He informed me that he had lost his way a day or two previously, and had become separated from his companions, in consequence of which any hospitality which I could shew him would be thankfully accepted. I was only too happy to see the face of a man again. I felt at once that I could confide in the stranger, who had already won my heart, and I conducted him through the ravine to the door of my cave. I placed his horse in my stable, and removed the saddle and saddle-bags, while my daughter prepared that refreshment of which the traveller was evidently greatly in need.

In the afternoon I shewed him my various improvements, at which he expressed his unfeigned astonishment. In the course of conversation he informed me of what I had already suspected, namely, that he was a clergyman, and had recently arrived in California from the eastern States. As he perceived that I was interested in the subjects of his discourse, he encouraged me to give some account of my own previous life and history. I mentioned my early training in the Church of England, and my unhappy acquaintance with Elder Bangs, terminating, as it did, in my deplorable secession to the Latter-day Saints. I described my disastrous voyage, my arrival at Nauvoo, my experience of Joseph Smith, the loss of my wife and sons, and my journey to the Salt Lake. I then explained the reasons which finally convinced me of the infamy and wickedness of Mormonism, spoke gratefully of Dr. Williams, and mentioned how I had escaped from the Valley of Delusion, as I called it, and met with comfort, peace, and success among the rocks of California.

The traveller listened with unfeigned astonishment to my romantic narrative, and, grasping my hands, fervently blessed the Almighty for the providential care which had been bestowed upon a lost sheep like myself. He then informed me that he was a missionary bishop, elected at a late General Convention in New York, and sent out by the American Church to take charge of its missions, and to appoint new labourers, in this remote part of the West.

I had seen but one bishop in my life, and I only recollected him as a portly and somewhat rubicund old gentleman, with an old-fashioned wig and lawn sleeves, who came to confirm eight or nine hundred children, including myself, in the manufacturing town near Pillington. I had a vague and foolish idea that bishops were a kind of noble lords, appointed by the sovereign or prime minister of England, who had little to do besides attending Parliament, living splendidly in palaces, and sometimes riding out in handsome carriages to go through the easy form of a confirmation. I could not, therefore, imagine how there could be a bishop, in the English sense of the word, in republican America, where I knew that kings, and queens, and palaces, and houses of lords, had no existence.

Just at this time heavy drops of rain began to fall, and we retreated to the cave. In a few minutes a dreadful storm commenced, one of those, indeed, of which ordinary English people cannot even form a tolerable conception. It soon appeared that the traveller would be unable to proceed for several days, in consequence of the rising of the floods, and I looked upon the delay as something quite providential. After the thunder had ceased I requested my reverend visitor to explain some of the chief difficulties which had occurred to me, and, at the same time, I alluded to various prejudices against my mother Church which I had imbibed among the Ranters and the Mormons, and which I had not yet altogether shaken off.

During the two following days, the bishop, in reply to such questions, held several important conversations with my daughter and myself, which would be too long to insert fully in this place, but of which I think it right to state the substance, for the benefit of others.

He began by informing me that the Reformed Church, in which I was myself baptized in my infancy, was not to be considered as merely the Church of England, but that it existed wherever the English language is spoken, and even beyond those limits. It had extended itself, he said, not only over the British Colonies, but throughout the United States, where it was entirely independent of all connexion with the civil authority. He made me to understand, that although bishops are nominated to their jurisdiction in various ways,—as, for example, in England by the crown, and in America by a free election,—their mission is in every case derived from the bishops by whom they are consecrated. Thus the episcopal office had come down by a regular succession from the apostolic times, and therefore possessed an authority very far more ancient than either the American republic or the monarchy of Great Britain.

I alluded to what Elder Smart had said respecting this succession coming through the Church of Rome. The bishop smiled, and said that this was a specimen of the unfair sophistry of the adverse party. The English episcopate was planted originally by apostolic missionaries, not long after the apostolic period. In process of time the people of England did indeed, like other Churches in Europe, become more and more subject to the pope, and imbibed a large amount of error and corruption. But at the Reformation, the bishops, clergy, and laity resolved to submit no longer to the bishop of Rome, and, without in any degree altering the corporate character of the Church, they gave up, one by one, their comparatively modern errors and corruptions. That reformed body is known in Great Britain and the colonies as the Church of England, and in this country as the Protestant Episcopal Church. The two are substantially one, having the same identical prayers, doctrines, and ministry, and are now putting forth their combined efforts for the evangelization of a world committed by the Saviour to the teaching of His Church.

I alluded to the want of zeal which I supposed to characterize the members of the English Establishment. The bishop replied, that it was unreasonable to expect perfection in any body consisting of frail and sinful men. But he reminded me that a great national Church, perpetuated from generation to generation, cannot, in the nature of things, display the same active energy which may be found in small and new sects, among which fresh proselytes constantly keep up an influx of enthusiasm. He maintained, notwithstanding, that a vast amount of steady and unobtrusive earnestness existed among English and American Churchmen, and reminded me that little streams dash forward with a noisy babbling, while great rivers, like the Missouri or the Mississippi, flow onwards with a powerful but silent current to the ocean.

"Among the Mormons," he proceeded, "you have no doubt observed that multitudes of active people are made to feel an increased interest in their work of delusion, by the numerous offices which are made to flatter their vanity, by supplying a place and a dignity for nearly every individual concerned. Now in the Reformed Church of England and America, in which many millions live and die, such a practice is, of course, out of the question, and vast numbers of people must be content with modest and reverent acquiescence in the guidance of their duly authorized leaders. Our whole system, in like manner, is framed upon a basis of truth, honesty, and reality, which leaves but little standing-ground for restless enthusiasts, or for the contrivers of what are sometimes denominated 'pious frauds.' But while our Church system makes few direct appeals to the love of the marvellous, I feel confident that, when properly considered, it will be found to contain features of a very striking and remarkable character.

"Our ministry, for example, has come down to us, as I have remarked, from a source so ancient, that none can point out its origin in any age short of the time of our blessed Lord Himself. A system of tithing, far more equitable than that which is practised at the Salt Lake, has actually existed in all England, for the maintenance of the same ministry, during at least twelve hundred years. Our creeds are fixed and uniform, and make no allowances for changes or developments either after the fashion of Utah or of Rome. Our Scriptures, translated into our mother-tongue by the most learned and faithful divines, are a standing monument of astonishing erudition and ability. Our doctrine of the sacraments teaches the wonderful truth that there is one Baptism for the remission of sins, and one holy Eucharist, in which the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful. Consider, too, our liturgy and other divine offices, all framed on primitive models, and ask whether any sectarian party has ever devised religious services even remotely approaching them in calm and simple dignity and chastened fervour.

"Think also," he proceeded, "of the wonderful efforts put forth to render our clergy fit to be teachers of the people. Think of the noble universities and colleges in England, and of the corresponding seminaries in America, in which a large amount of protracted mental labour acts as a test of earnestness of purpose, and a discouragement of shallow conceit and hypocrisy. Remember how many millions of dollars are collected annually, in both branches of the Church, for sending out well-educated missionaries, and how many millions again are expended year after year in the erection and restoration of ordinary houses of worship, and of sumptuous cathedrals. The Mormons may, if they please, boast of their temple, but the ordinary cathedrals of England, built as they are in honour of a *spiritual* God, are incalculably more noble than the grandest temple conceived by the sensual minds of men like Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, or Brigham Young. Though an American by birth, I know England well, and in all that blessed land I can think of nothing more soul-invigorating, and more favourable to the divine influences of the Holy Ghost, than the religious worship solemnized within those venerable sanctuaries of the living God. Oh, if the people of England did but understand how to appreciate the value of what they already possess, we should not hear of their rich and educated men wandering off to Rome, or their poor and ill-informed to Nauvoo and to Utah."

I asked the bishop what he thought of miraculous gifts, in their connexion with the Christian ministry. He replied, that it was alone by the manifold gifts of the Holy Ghost, that the Church of Christ continued to stand. These gifts, he said, had varied to some extent in different ages, being given in such a measure as they were required for the benefit of the Christian community. Many gifts were of a permanent nature, and never failed. Whenever the Almighty thought it requisite, He would doubtless restore the same kinds of miraculous agency which existed in primitive times. Meantime, it was highly important that a spirit of credulity should not be allowed to grow up among either the clergy or the laity, since believing too much and believing too little were alike adverse to truth. He reminded me of Mormon miracles, so called, most of which I knew to be mere tricks and delusions. He mentioned having heard of precisely similar doings among English Irvingites, and said that during a journey through a part of Italy he had been utterly disgusted with miraculous images, wonder-working relics, winking pictures, and other things of the kind too absurd and too puerile to mention.

I alluded to the prayer for heavenly wisdom which I offered up at Pillington just before I became a Mormon. The bishop assured me that, although I had done right in praying for wisdom, I had done wrong in making up my mind that I had become wise all at once. He bade me recollect that wisdom is of slow growth, even though favoured by the dew of divine grace, and that impressions suddenly made upon the mind ought to be as little trusted as the point-blank assertions of such unscrupulous men as Smart and Bangs. "However," he proceeded, "your prayer, my friend, with all its manifold imperfections, will yet, I trust, be answered. The Almighty has providentially made up to you again the temporal possessions which you formerly sacrificed from a mistaken sense of duty. He will also, I trust, bring you back to your mother Church, a far sounder Churchman, a far better Christian, and a far wiser man than before. Thus, at length, after your dear-bought experience, your errors and wanderings will come to a happy termination, and here in the diocese of California you will obtain rest for your soul, and will thank God that your lost treasures are once more found."

The kindness and gentleness of the bishop's manners had made a deep impression upon the mind of my daughter, who contrasted them with the coarse vulgarity and rude heartlessness of many of the Mormon elders and "apostles." She united with me in an humble request that we might be admitted again to the privileges of the true Church, and that the little boy might be made a Christian. After we had both openly bewailed and renounced our errors, the blame of which I took entirely on myself, we made preparation for receiving the holy rites at the hands of the bishop. We took our places in the meadow by the spring, where the rock was a shelter from the rays of the sun. After appropriate prayers, the bishop administered to my daughter the gift of Confirmation, which she had not received in England before the date of my perversion. He then celebrated the Holy Communion, employing for this purpose a small silver cup and a paten, which he had brought from San Francisco. My sacramental offering was a lump of pure gold worth a hundred pounds, which I begged the bishop to employ as he thought best for the advancement of the Church. After we had ourselves been re-admitted to Christian fellowship, the little boy was baptized by the name of William, my daughter and myself answering for him as his sponsors.

On the following day the bishop proceeded on his journey towards the city of Nevada, where he was anxiously expected by a congregation composed of mingled Englishmen and Americans. I spent a few more days in packing up my gold, and such of my goods as I thought it worth while to carry. At length, about the end of May, we bade a last farewell to our old habitation in the cave, to our fertile meadow, and to our emptied bank. We left the place, with its stores of corn and hay and its auriferous stream, to the first comer who might discover it, and slowly took our way over the rugged soil, sometimes looking back on the familiar summits which we had left behind.

I shall not detain the reader with an account of our anxieties and troubles during a journey of several hundred miles through deep valleys and over tremendous mountains. Suffice it to say, that we shed tears of thankfulness and of transport when at last, from the top of a fearful elevation, we beheld the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean. Descending with much difficulty into the low grounds, we came to a fruitful district of country, where, guided by information communicated by the bishop, we resolved to settle in a thriving town with an honest English name, and already containing several thousand inhabitants.

Arriving in this town, we proceeded to an hotel, and in the course of an hour or two had provided ourselves with a supply of comfortable raiment, of which, as may be well imagined, we were greatly in need. I disposed of my gold at its full value, and succeeded in investing a large portion of the proceeds in such a way as to secure a handsome income. I also purchased a new and convenient house erected by an American, now returning with a large property to New York. I had an extensive garden and two or three fields, one of which I devoted to the comfort of the patient and docile horses which had conveyed us in safety through rapid rivers, across burning deserts, and over snow-capped mountains. The waggon, as might be expected, was in an extremely worn-out and shattered condition: I kept it, however, as a curiosity, and as a perpetual memento of our perilous adventures.

On the Sunday after our arrival we worshipped in the Episcopal church, which was crowded by a well-behaved and respectable congregation. I was powerfully affected on hearing the prayers, just as I heard them when I knelt by my father's side in our old family pew at Pillington. And when the organ played, and the whole body of worshippers joined in the familiar words and tune of "Old Hundred," I could no longer conceal my emotion, but bent my head forward and wept and sobbed like a child.

We had scarcely left the church when two persons approached me with warm congratulations, and shook my hands in the most earnest and affectionate manner possible. The younger of the two I knew to be my kind friend Dr. Williams; but the elder, a weather-beaten man with silver hair, I did not immediately recognise.

"This gentleman," said Dr. Williams, "is an old acquaintance of yours; this is Mr. Crawford."

"Oh! Crawford, Crawford," I said, "have I indeed the happiness, after years of sorrow and misfortune, to see your honest face once more. Never shall I forget you, my friend, so long as my life shall last. In you I see the true Christian, above hypocrisy or dissimulation, the generous man who, without pretending to be a saint, would yet have sacrificed your own life for your companions."

"Oh stop, Mr. Richards, if you please," said the worthy fellow in reply, "don't talk any more of that matter; but just let me know something about your own history, and what you thought of Joe Smith and the rest of them up at Nauvoo."

I begged him and Dr. Williams to accompany me to my place of residence, where I communicated to them the whole of my narrative from the beginning to the end, filling them, as might be expected, with wonder and astonishment. Dr. Williams expressed his great satisfaction on account of my return to the Church, of which he had long been an attached member from motives of principle and conviction. He was now engaged in a lucrative practice, and expected very shortly to realise a handsome fortune. Crawford had made several voyages from Liverpool to New Orleans, and finally had shipped for California, where he arrived soon after the first discovery of gold. He had proceeded with many others to the diggings, and, after successfully acquiring a competency, had taken up his residence for the present in the town where I found him.

Among other adventures, Crawford mentioned that during his last visit to New Orleans, he accidentally met with one of our old acquaintances. "I was walking," he said," "through a street adjoining the levée near our ship, when I saw a stiff-looking personage approach, dressed in the peculiar costume of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. I at once knew him to be Elder Smart, and perceived that I was not forgotten. He took me graciously by the hand, and requested me to accompany him to his lodgings, which were spacious apartments in the rear of a newly-built church. He began by saying,—

"'Mr. Crawford, I believe you are an honest, truth-seeking, truth-loving man.'

"'Am I, indeed?' I said, 'that's a greater compliment than I feel able to return, begging your pardon at the same time.'

"'Mr. Crawford,' he proceeded, 'I don't ask you to think well of me, for I am wholly indifferent to human praise or blame; but I do most earnestly desire you to think well of the Catholic Church, in which alone you can find the truth, and pardon for all your sins.'

"'What new tack are you sailing on now, Elder Smart?' I proceeded; 'it was only t'other day that you wanted me to be a Latter-day Saint.'

"'Oh, but,' says he, 'circumstances, you know, alter cases. That was before I was converted to the faith, and when I was nothing more than a miserable and sinful heretic. Don't call me, by the way, Elder Smart any more; I am now Father Francis.'

"'Well,' says I, 'and pray, Father Francis, may I be so bold as to ask how I am to know that you've got the right sow by the ear even now?'

"'We have miracles,' he replied, 'we have wonderful miracles; indeed the Catholic Church is hung all round with miracles; it is indeed, upon my word and honour, I do assure you.'

"'Well, but,' says I, 'this is just what you told me in the ship about the miracles of the Latter-day Saints.'

"'Mormon miracles!' he answered with a sneer, 'what are they but mere tricks and shams, as I know full well? but the miracles of the Church of Rome are solemn, awful realities.'

"So saying, he went to a shelf, selected some books, and begged me to accept two works written by the Romish bishop of St. Louis, one pretending to demonstrate the miraculous transportation through the air of a certain holy house at Loretto, somewhere in Italy, and one intended, by a like kind of flighty logic, to prove that our English and American clergy are no clergy at all. He then gave me an engraving lately sent to him by a certain papal nuncio, and copied, as he said, from a picture of the Virgin in Italy which winked its eyes. I asked him if the engraving would wink. He replied, No; but said that the original picture really and unquestionably did wink, and that many people in Italy had seen it winking. He also begged me to accept of, or at least take in my hands, a miraculous medal, blessed by the pope himself, the effect of which, he said, would be, that whosoever touched it, being a Protestant, would at last get over all his objections to the pope and the images, and somehow or other would find himself turned into a papist. I didn't want to have any dealings with charms and sorcery, so I declined to receive the medal, and put the books back again on the shelf, remarking, at the same time, that if the medal was able to do the business of conversion, the arguments in the books were unnecessary. I kept the engraving, however, as a small remembrance of our old friend Elder Smart, and here it is, and you see it doesn't wink in the least. I then assured him, that although he had changed his outer man, I verily believed he was inwardly the same person that he was before, and as busy as ever at his old tricks. 'But,' I added gravely, 'where there is life there is hope, Elder Francis,—Father Smart, I mean,—and p'r'aps some of these days you may repent of the terrible lot of humbugs that you've committed in your several capacities. You've done your very best, I will say, to spread abroad a bad religion, and now you are doing your very worst to spoil and to make ridiculous another religion which, at bottom, is a good one. For my own part,' I added, as I took my leave, 'if ever I am to give up the good old Church of England, which has been a comfort to me by sea and by land, I must have some heavier kind of testimony than either Father Smart or Elder Francis has been able to cast against it, whether in the shape of a flying house, a golden Bible, or a picture that won't wink.' I then rose and took my departure, the Father attending me to the door and bowing me out in a way which might be called stiffly polite."

I was much entertained with Crawford's peculiar way of describing this curious interview. As to Smart himself, I doubted not that after imposing alike on Mormons and on Papists, he would be found eventually to have fairly overreached himself.

Soon after settling in California, I wrote a letter to the old Rector of Pillington, informing him of my return to the Church, requesting him to communicate the fact to my relatives, and begging him to pardon me for the distress which, in my self-will and folly, I had occasioned him thirteen years before. In the course of about three months his reply arrived, bearing the well-known Pillington postmark, and couched in the most kind and friendly terms. The Rector stated that he was now very old and feeble, but that, through the kind assistance of his brother Churchmen, he had been supplied with the services of an excellent and active curate. The Mormon congregation in Pillington had long since come to nothing, but the old parish church could hardly contain the multitudes which resorted to it. Fifty pounds which I had sent to the poor of the congregation had been thankfully received, and applied precisely in accordance with my wishes. My brother was thriving in business in the neighbouring manufacturing town, and was about to enter into communication with me immediately. My sister was well and happy, with a numerous and healthy family, and designed sending me a token of remembrance which she was sure I should highly value. The good Rector concluded by expressing his unfeigned thanks to the Almighty for my deliverance from the bondage of delusion, and for the providential circumstances which, in a remote country like California, had again brought me into the bosom of the Church.

Within a week after this letter came to hand, I received a parcel from England which proved to be my father's old Bible, sent to me by my sister as the most valuable present which it was in her power to offer. With tender and reverent emotion I ran over its well-worn pages, and contemplated almost with the feelings of a child those antique engravings, from which I derived my first rude notions of apostles, martyrs, and prophets. This book shall be my companion till my dying day, and when I am gone it shall be the property of my grandson, if he should prove himself worthy to be its owner.

My dear boy is a great favourite of Crawford's, who has announced his intention of making him his heir. He has just commenced his studies in a good classical school lately commenced in this place, and my highest ambition is to see him a useful clergyman of the diocese of California. Crawford has bought some land and is building a house in the outskirts of the town, having renounced all idea of going to sea again. Dr. Williams is a most valuable neighbour, and I sometimes think it not impossible that my widowed daughter may find in him a second husband. The bishop has lately visited our parish, and has seriously expressed to me his wish that I should, before long, be admitted to the office of a deacon, and assist the minister of the church, according to the directions of the rubric.

Amidst a busy and excitable though generous-minded population, I pass the greater part of my time in humble efforts to benefit my fellow-creatures. I cannot recal the dead, but I thankfully rejoice in the living who are spared to be my companions and the objects of my care. While I do not undervalue the temporal competence to which I have been restored, I know that there are riches "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold." Of these I trust I am in some measure a partaker, and in humbly returning to the old paths in which my venerable father and his predecessors found rest for their souls, I rejoice in believing that my Lost Treasure is Found.

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